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The Creeping Tragedy
of
South Africa

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Whose Hand On the Ether?

GREAT credit is due to the small group of Labour MPs who have persistently, and in recent weeks successfully, sought to draw public attention to the flagrant breaches of the Television Act. The Labour Party as a whole, having fought against the basic principle of commercial television, and having seen that principle triumphantly endorsed by public opinion, has recently observed a tactical silence. Regarding commercial television as an established fact, it is concentrating its efforts on obtaining a fair share of the political spoils; indeed, it has so far failed to put forward a policy for the future of the medium. In the circumstances, it has been left to Mr Mayhew and his friends to reveal the extent to which the intentions of parliament have been disregarded by the programme contractors, with the connivance of the Authority.

Mr Mayhew's inquiries reveal an absurd and disquieting situation. A majority of informed and responsible opinion rejected the original concept of commercial TV put forward by the Tory pressure-group organised by the advertising industry. But the all-party opposition was gradually disarmed by the insertion in the bill of detailed provisions to limit the intrusion of advertisements and the influence of advertisers. There were many at the time – including this journal – who warned that the contractors would, in practice, evade the Act's safeguards; but some faith was placed in the powers and ability of the Establishment Brass on the Authority to uphold civilised standards.

As we now know, this faith was grossly misplaced. With few exceptions the contractors have regularly played down to the lowest common denominator of public taste, thus entailing a corresponding, if less marked, decline in BBC standards. Not only has the Authority refused to insist on a satisfactory balance of programmes; it has also failed to enforce the far more specific regulation governing the frequency and timing of advertisements. Its frivolous conception of its statutory duties is revealed by Sir Robert Fraser's admission that it maintains no monitoring service; hence it has no means of knowing, other than mere hearsay – or by inquiry after public protest – whether the Act is being infringed or not. In fact, it often seems that Sir Robert conceives of his role not so much as a stern custodian of the public interest but as that of a public relations officer for the contracting companies. Moreover, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, the Chairman of the Independent Television Authority, left the impression in his exchanges with Mr Christopher Mayhew that, in his eyes, there is no clash between the interests of the public and those of private enterprise.

Unhampered by any effective curb upon their appetites, the contractors have plunged joyfully into the financial free-for-all which the opponents of the Act foresaw. From violence, crime, and the public's obsession with get-rich-quick quiz shows, they have dredged up fabulous profits; the serious and controversial programmes are conscience money. Every day, the captive audience – roped in by the contractors – is sold off at fancy prices to the hucksters. There has, it is true, been some bickering over the division of the loot, thus reminding the public that the contractors are not the angels of purity the Authority would have us believe. But scandals have been avoided, and errors blamed on individual producers, or, as in the last instance, written off as 'a failure in communications'. The TV barons remain confident that their moronic eye will continue to be a nightly visitor in British households for years to come.

They are probably right. A future Labour government may not take the unpopular step of abolishing commercial TV as such. But this does not mean that it must go without a coherent policy. The first step, even if it is one of detail, is to press Mr Mayhew's campaign for strict enforcement of controls upon advertising. The second is to consider whether the present form of the Authority is the best that can be devised. But its main task must be to ensure that the deplorable experiment of the Second Channel is not repeated when the Third is created: one possible solution would be to divert some of the contractor's profit to finance it. It may be that commercial TV, like prostitution, is here to stay; but there is no reason why the wages of vice should not serve the public interest.

Comments on the Week's News

Skirmishing in Moscow

The object of Mr Macmillan's 'reconnaissance' is to discover by confidential talks what basis there can be for an East-West agreement. For that purpose his public remarks were very well chosen. Just as Mr Mikoyan, during his visit to America, ceased to talk the language of bellicose Communism and emphasised the mutual advantages of trade and the hopes of relaxed tension, so Mr Macmillan, in phrases that were more shrewdly chosen than those of previous official visitors to the Soviet Union, urged that the common interests of Britain and Russia should far outweigh their differences. He did not preach a 'holier than thou' sermon; he paid a generous tribute to Russia's immense development, and he recalled the days of co-operation during the war. He emphasised the common interest in a German settlement that would increase the security of Russia as well as the West, and he spoke of imperialism as a phase which Britain had outlived and which had left her with problems arising from past actions which he would not defend, just as the Soviet Union had inherited from Tsardom the fruits of past conquests in Asiatic Russia. A promising start, but not one that has yet led to matters of substance. Just as Washington was careful, during Mikoyan's visit, to point out that friendly words butter no parsnips, so Mr Krushchev has interjected with a carefully ill-timed speech to make clear that on both Berlin and the control of tests the parties have not yet budged an inch. Mr Macmillan rightly said that what we have to fear is not a deliberate act of war from either side but a muddle which might involve us all in catastrophe. Mr Krushchev's offer of 20 years' truce does nothing to remove the menace of a moment when the two sides may collide on the road to Berlin. Does Mr Krushchev really want us to assume that on this vital point he stands pat, that he is still as far from the compromises that lead to peace as Dr Adenauer? At Tula last week he denounced a 'huckstering approach' and said the Soviet Union had no concessions to make. But how can peace come except through a bargain? Mr Krushchev should tell us why he thinks, in these circumstances, a Summit Conference would be useful. He may be quite right that interminable argument between foreign ministers about Germany would be useless, but what is the magic of a Summit if bargaining is excluded? Mr Macmillan's visit is a welcome sign that the West is abandoning its rigidity: it will again be dangerously fossilised if Mr Macmillan has to report on his return that there is no sign of any corresponding elasticity in Moscow.

No Inquiry in Kenya

It is characteristic of the present political set-up in the Colonial Office that the refusal to set up an independent inquiry into the Kenya prisons is carried beyond the point of reason. Allegations of ill-treatment in prison are not, of course, uncommon, nor are they confined to Kenya or to the British colonial service, nor are they always true. What distinguishes the present series from the usual run of prisoners' complaints is, first, their number and apparent consistency, and secondly the fact that several non-African witnesses have come forward and made allegations, in public and on oath, of specific instances of prison brutality. There is no means of finding out in London whether these particular charges are true or whether the men who make them are trustworthy witnesses. But, *prima facie*, they are both credible and highly alarming. Moreover, a man who has the courage to make his allegations against individuals in public and on oath risks prosecution himself if his charges can be shown to be false. He therefore challenges stringent and impartial investigation, offering in a sense his own liberty as a pledge of good faith. Charges of this sort, therefore, cannot be decently ignored. Nor can they be appropriately investigated by the government department (or the political party) against which they are levelled. The very fact of the Colonial Office reluctance to concede an independent inquiry is sufficient indication that a Colonial Office inquiry would be inadequate. When one adds to that the occasions when only determined political probing has flushed the Kenya authorities from very unfortunate positions of concealment, it is clear that not much weight will be attached by anybody to the findings of a departmental investigation. The opposition should continue to press its demand that the allegations of Captain Law and others must be tested by independent judicial inquiry.

Nyasas in Revolt

The violent disturbances which occurred in Nyasaland last weekend stem directly from the act of federating the states of Central Africa. Before federation was first mooted in 1951, race relations in this small country were amongst the happiest in the continent. They may have been based on a kind of feudalism, but they were also marked by African trust, particularly towards the missionaries. The Africans believed that the whites were gradually providing them with training to manage their own affairs. Today those same whites are barricading their doors and sleeping with revolvers at their side. The Nyasas have never wavered in their determination to prevent what they see as the extension of Southern Rhodesian racialism to their country. Now they are desperate, and the Colonial Office administration in Nyasaland has only exacerbated their feelings by its long delay in producing constitutional reforms. The Governor, Sir Robert Armitage, of Cyprus notoriety, has given Sir Roy Welensky a gratuitous hostage by calling for federal troops. Welensky will now be in a position to say that the British government is incapable of maintaining order in Nyasaland, for which it is still largely responsible. If the situation is to be saved from complete calamity, the new constitution must be published quickly and it must convince the Africans that they are being offered full and genuine opportunity to redress their grievances through constitutional channels.

Mean and Mis-stated

Lawyers who serve on legal aid committees have been complaining for years about the unjust way in which the Legal Aid and Advice Act is now working. The income limits are the main trouble—they were suggested in 1945 by the Rushcliffe Committee, and adopted in 1949 when the Act was passed. They have never been changed, though National Assistance rates have gone up six times and the cost of living figure by 84 per cent. As a result, the legal aid position is not much better now than it was under the old Poor Persons Rules; and yet the increase proposed in the Labour Party's motion last Tuesday would cost the country a paltry £200,000 a year. Everyone will be glad, of course, that the legal advice plan, so long delayed, is to come into operation on Monday, but the Attorney-General's reasons for stalling on the question of income limits for aid in litigation were meanly conceived, meanly expressed, and finished with the monumental mis-statement that 'there is no indication that the scheme is failing to provide aid for those who need it'. He should go and repeat this speech in any Poor Man's Lawyer centre.

Industry versus Householders

For rating purposes houses are assessed on 1939 rental values, commercial and industrial premises on 1956 values. Commercial premises, however, pay rates on only 80 per cent. of their assessment, and industry on only 50 per cent. The revaluation due in 1961 would have assessed all properties on current values, with domestic and commercial properties fully rated, but industry continuing to enjoy 50 per cent. relief. Now the government has postponed the revaluation to 1963, the excuse being that the valuation department of the Inland Revenue says there is too little information about free market rents of houses for them to submit firm proposals. The gradual effects of the Rent Act do not make revaluation easier, especially as 11.6 million of the 13.5 million separate assessments are in respect of houses and flats. The government, it seems, is sheltering behind this technical excuse because it realises that revaluation on current values would mean a significant shift in the incidence of local rates from business to domestic ratepayers. Yet this would not be so if industry were fully rated. Adjustment of the block grant, a useful instrument in this respect, could follow to offset some part of the consequent £20 to £25 million loss in Exchequer tax income from industry. Faced with the dilemma of offending householders or offending businessmen, the government has run away.

Undoing Disengagement ?

The Laos government's sour attitude towards the international commission, which has supervised the carrying out of the 1954 Geneva agreements on Indo-China, has aroused misgivings in Peking. Under the Geneva settlement the Laos government agreed not to allow foreign bases or a military build-up in the country. The Peking government, a neighbour of Laos, now suspects that the latest Laotian rejection of the international commission means that the government of Laos intends, under American pressure, to jettison the clauses of the Geneva agreements that have kept the country relatively demilitarised. The Laos government has denied harbouring any such intentions. But the Chinese suspicions may not be entirely groundless. It would be a great pity if the State Department's zeal for containment should succeed in creating a Sino-American armed confrontation on the border of Laos. Indo-China is one of the few regions of the globe where, thanks to the Geneva compromises, a measure of military disengagement exists. The sane thing would be to conserve the international commission, as warden of this achievement, not to disband it—as the Laos government seems so keen on doing.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

Two-way Reconnaissance

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Krushchev, unlike Stalin, is not a suspicious man, and Macmillan's description of his visit as a reconnaissance, a word the Russians associate primarily with the Secret Service, probably conjured up in Krushchev's mind a picture no more sinister than of a visitor armed with a pair of field-glasses and a butterfly net. As one Soviet diplomat said: 'Even *razvedka* (reconnaissance) has become respectable these days'. Macmillan's choice of words, however, did have one serious result; it prepared Krushchev and his advisers for some searching questions and seems to have prompted them to sharpen their own. The Russians were not surprised to discover that their visitors wished to lose no time on starting their reconnaissance of minds, postponing till later in the visit sightseeing and even such tempting diversions as elk-stalking in the forest and watching the incomparable Ulanova. They too had prepared some reconnaissance sorties. Macmillan's short, pithy speech at the Kremlin banquet a few hours after the Comet IV's dramatic win in its race against a blizzard made a very good impression on the public. People were pleased and rather surprised by the generous tributes to their nation's successes and by the British Prime Minister's readiness in taking up the challenge to compete peacefully with them in building a better society. Somehow, Macmillan made them feel that he was expressing the wishes of the British people. And Krushchev must have been particularly gratified to hear his own words about the desirability of concentrating on fields of agreement rather than on divergencies coming straight from the mouth of his guest.

The German problem hangs like a sullen and so far impenetrable fog-cloud over the talks. If British ears hear the ticking of the Berlin time-bomb through the drone of the interpreters' voices, Russian ears are acutely sensitive to the heavier throb of the clock whose hands are moving towards the hour when western Germany will become a nuclear power. Each side feels that error or miscalculation now can lead to war – war within a few months over Berlin, or war within a few years when West Germany feels strong enough to march across the Elbe. The Russians now know that if the test came the western powers would run the risk of a world war for Berlin, and that to act otherwise would bring Nato down in ruins and cause a *volte face* in Bonn's foreign policy. Is Macmillan equally aware of the fact that if Russia countenanced the total rearmament of West Germany her own system of military and political alliances in eastern Europe would be severely strained? It seems to many Russians that this factor is being taken more fully into account by the opposition in Britain than by Macmillan's party (Noel-Baker's exposition of Labour's disarmament programme made a deep impression in the Kremlin).

Krushchev is eager to show his supporters that his methods of conducting foreign affairs are proving successful. He is negotiating from a position of strength, but the Soviet public expects him to use that strength to bring about disarmament and a relaxation of tension without weakening the security of the 'Socialist camp' – in other words without permitting Germany to become a formidable military rival in Europe.

But does success or failure in pursuing this foreign policy make any difference to the power position in Moscow? Many foreign observers here think it does. In the long run, Krushchev's position depends on the popular support he can win for the party's new line, which is to establish closer relations with the capitalist world and to replace harsh and coercive methods within the Soviet Union by those of persuasion. The past has deep roots. Many people have lost the privileged positions they enjoyed under Stalin and his principal lieutenants. As long as there remains the slightest doubt that the new line will last, there will be a good many who hesitate to commit themselves fully to it – and for its success the seven-year plan needs total commitment. Hence the exceptional importance the present party leadership attached at the 21st Congress to the utter discrediting of the 'anti-party group', to saying, in short, that those state fuctionaries (and who is not one?) who still banked on a return to the old methods were doomed to disappointment. It is not a personal vendetta that Krushchev is fighting; he is defending a new party line. And in foreign affairs he has to defend it throughout the countries of the Warsaw Pact, for whom the re-emergence of Germany as an unharnessed military power would spell catastrophe, despite Russia's strength.

New York

New Thoughts on Berlin

A few days after Senator Mansfield had aired his views on the Berlin crisis he rose in the Senate to comment on the reactions, which have been impressive and varied. 'What matters most', he said, 'is that there be a full discussion of this situation, which obviously contains within it the seeds of a world-shattering war'. What was needed was fresh thought on the issue, and if his remarks had helped 'to pull the plug which has kept this thought bottled for too long, then they will have served their purpose'. To this extent, at least, the Senator's speech was a signal success. Doris Fleeson, one of the best of the Washington correspondents, accurately reports the new mood: 'Thoughts which have been pent up by inflexibilities on both sides have now been released. It produces a marked contrast with periods only a short time ago in which all sides appeared bereft of ideas capable of producing any hopeful change in the cold war.'

The suggestion that Germans themselves negotiate the unification of Berlin and that the Allied powers seriously consider some form of 'disengagement' would have caused more than a ripple in the Senate no matter who the speaker was, but coming from a Senator of Mansfield's rank, it was bound to cause a sensation. He is not only his party's whip in the chamber but an extremely active member of the powerful Foreign Relations Committee. Politically he is close to Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, who, behind the scenes, promoted him for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination in 1956. Even for the Senate, where flowery compliments are common coin, Johnson's tribute was a bit exotic: '... privileged to hear an excellent speech, such as the one which has just been concluded by a great man ... I feel very humble to be able to sit in his presence . . . '.

It was Mansfield's call for flexibility, however, rather than his substantive proposals, that won approval in the country at large. The influential *Washington Post* thought some of his assumptions 'mistaken' and 'unrealistic', but liked the speech all the same for encouraging 'a searching examination of the possibility of arms limitation in Central Europe'. The Philadelphia *Enquirer* welcomed his plea for more American initiative, and the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* praised his 'wholesome attitude'. Towards his ideas as such, many papers were downright hostile. The *New York Times* thought he had 'been lured into propositions which can only throw confusion into western ranks, impair western unity, and encourage the Soviets to press for a western surrender'. The *Daily News*, in the same city, compared his suggestion to President Truman's 'similar lovely thought. . . to pressure the Chinese Nationalists and Communists into setting up a joint government' back in 1945.

What probably damaged Mansfield somewhat was Krushchev's untimely comment that the Senator's proposals 'deserve attention' and that he was being attacked only by those 'who want to continue the cold war'. The mere fact that something close to the Kennan line can now be taken by the Senate's majority leaders may be, as the St Louis *Post Dispatch* says, 'a measure of the revolution in western thought', but the change has not yet progressed so far that a Senator can be helped by kind words from the Kremlin.

While the current thaw, mild as it is, might seem to be related to Secretary Dulles's forced withdrawal from the scene, the evidence is against such an interpretation. Pressure for a more flexible approach had been swelling for a long time, and there is good reason to believe that, in spite of some backing and filling, Mr Dulles himself had been preparing to respond to it. With a determination that has wrung tributes from his sharpest critics, moreover, he is apparently planning to see through the third Berlin crisis as a kind of third-act climax to his career. In this ambition he has the unexpected support not only of his admirers but of those who feel that, intransigent as he has been, he is nevertheless the indispensable man at the moment. No subordinate appears to have shared his knowledge of detail, and certainly if concessions are to be made, none can make them as palatable as he might to the cold warriors on this side of the Atlantic. Senator Mansfield himself, possibly with some such thought in mind, now proposes that the coming critical talks on Germany be planned for Washington in the hope that the stricken Secretary might muster enough strength for this one last engagement.

Robert Bendiner

Paris

End of the Honeymoon

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The three by-elections last Sunday, which showed a sharp rise in the CP vote and a corresponding drop in the Gaullist vote, indicates that the General's honeymoon with the French electorate is drawing to its close. At the same time, the demonstrations against M. Debré in Algiers, the discovery of an espionage network among French postal officials in Tunisia, and M. Vincent Auriol's resignation from the SFIO, are bringing to light some of the internal contradictions in the Fifth Republic. The Algerian *colons* may be expected to call M. Debré a 'traitor'. He is even more of a 'traitor' for them than M. Guy Mollet in 1956, for M. Mollet betrayed his republican electors, to whom he promised to make peace in Algeria, while M. Debré, who played a role in the 13 May *coup*, exploited the patriotic hysteria of the Algerian *colons* to prepare the way for de Gaulle's return to power. Indeed, the General himself went to the Algiers Forum to tell the crowds: *'Algériens, je vous ai compris'*. But, in all probability, neither de Gaulle nor Debré ever really believed that it would be possible to restore the *status quo* in Algeria as it existed before the revolt began in 1954, let alone to bring about a genuine integration of its nine million inhabitants into metropolitan France. Today, the gap between their promises and reality is just as wide as it was for Mollet after he became Premier, and, like him, they find themselves simply drifting with events, whilst buying time by issuing comforting and meaningless statements.

But time is not, in fact, on France's side, as the recent history of Franco-Tunisian relations shows. De Gaulle was anxious to get on good terms with Bourguiba, and draw Tunisia within the orbit of the French community. His decision to withdraw French troops from Tunisia was merely one of a number of gestures he made to achieve this. But Tunisia remains wholeheartedly committed to the FLN, and there is nothing Bourguiba can do about it, even if he wished, so long as the overwhelming majority of his people support this policy. Hence, France finds herself on friendly terms with a country which is openly aiding her mortal enemy. In this paradoxical situation, it is not surprising that some of the French experts who are working in Tunisia under the French technical assistance programme have been accused of communicating state secrets to the embassy in Tunis – as the post office officials have been. In this situation, Bourguiba was bound to denounce them as spies, and it is small wonder that Tunisian opinion is demanding a complete diplomatic break with France. Bourguiba, like de Gaulle, is anxious to minimise the affair, and he believes that a personal meeting with the President would help. But so long as the Algerian war goes on, such incidents are bound to happen, and with each one the risks of a final rupture increase.

In these circumstances, the role of the opposition is to sound the alarm and to subject the Fifth Republic to the same critical scrutiny with which the Gaullists themselves harried its predecessor. In its present state, however, the SFIO is incapable of uttering the merest squeak of protest, and the recent and spectacular resignation of M. Auriol provides further evidence of its disintegration. The ex-President made no bones about accusing Guy Mollet personally, and stating bluntly that 'so long as he and his machine dominate the Socialist Party, it cannot constitute a rallying point for French democrats'. The name of Guy Mollet is, indeed, indissolubly linked to the Suez expedition and the refusal to recognise the right of the Algerians to self-determination; moreover, whatever his present views, he is also the man who, last May, jumped on the Gaullist bandwaggon and smoothed the General's path to power. Today, when Mollet criticised the budget, and declares that he favours peace in Algeria, nobody believes him. M. Raymond Aron was quite entitled to write last week: 'The French are right to prefer General de Gaulle to Guy Mollet and the UNR to the SFIO, for if it is the destiny of France to conquer and to keep Africa by force, it is better that this should be enshrined in the tradition of Napoleon Bonaparte than in the tradition of Jean Jaurès'. It is all very easy for Guy Mollet to denounce Auriol as a 'traitor'. But a traitor to whom? What is there left to betray?

Tel Aviv

Delivered Into Zion

The Arab states have naturally seized on the new immigration of Jews from Rumania as evidence of a 'Zionist plot' which, by adding to population pressure within Israel, will drive the Israelis to expand at the expense of their Arab neighbours. On both counts this obvious propaganda line is false – though the Egyptians have based their official protest to Rumania on such arguments. For the new wave of migrants was totally unexpected by the Israel authorities, and the problems that are raised by their arrival are likely to make Israel more, rather than less, anxious for external stability.

The officials who are in charge of immigration do not wish to speculate on the motives of the Rumanian government for permitting Jewish emigration: they are content that, after a long period in which very few Jews were allowed to leave Rumania, exit permits are now being granted in large numbers to Jews who long ago applied for them. (There is no suggestion that the Jewish population in Rumania is being deported. All the immigrants who have so far arrived had asked to leave.) But the Rumanians started the process without notice or explanation. Even now the Israelis have no idea when to expect a new batch of Rumanians, nor do they know how many will arrive at the Austrian frontier at once. They have had to depend upon scanty information from the Austrian authorities. Vienna has told Bucharest that Austria cannot cope with the transients without advance knowledge which enables it to provide transport and temporary accommodation.

Despite this uncertainty, and despite the fact that the size of the parties has grown steadily – from an average of a few hundred a month last autumn, the rate of emigration has now jumped to about 6,000 a month – the Israelis are preparing to receive as many as 100,000 Jews from Rumania in the next few months. Financially, and physically, this will impose a new and immense burden on the strained Israel economy: it is the equivalent of about two million penniless people arriving in Britain in less than a year.

By the time an immigrant has been brought from Vienna, accommodated until a more permanent home is provided, and given pocket-money and food, the average cost to the Jewish Agency and the Israel government, which share the expense, is about £160 per head. It is also necessary to give many of the immigrants short courses in Hebrew, and to provide rather longer vocational instruction for those who have to find new jobs. The estimate here is that at least 12,000 of the Rumanian immigrants will need vocational training, for many of them follow the traditional trades – tailors, barbers, shopkeepers – for which there is little room in Israel now.

A great many, of course, will go into agriculture – some to existing co-operative farms or *kibbutzim*, others to new settlements in the Galilee area or the special development zone between Tel Aviv and Beersheba. It is not more territory that is needed, but the intensive use of the land Israel already possesses. Mr Ben Gurion's estimate is that about 40 per cent. of Israel's territory is still unused or inadequately used land that is capable of development for agriculture, and that the country is only just beginning to expand its industrial sector. But this will demand more money. Houses are needed: so are community centres, schools, water and power supplies, agricultural tools and domestic equipment. I was told recently in Jerusalem that the capital cost of settling a family on the land is about £4,500. And, in industry, even more capital is needed. Each new industrial job represents an investment of about £3,000. Simple arithmetic reveals the large sums of money that must now be found – at a time when the Israeli economy is in some difficulties, when the bad drought is affecting the spring crops, when the assimilation of the previous waves of immigrants is still uncompleted, when many people remain in bad housing conditions, and when there is a good deal of seasonal unemployment. This week the government has had to impose new income and excise taxes in order to meet the bill for the unexpected arrivals. The budget looks more lopsided than ever.

The Israelis will accept this new burden as they have accepted all the others which follow from the arrival of a million immigrants in ten years. But it will stretch the country's resources to the limit, and bear directly both upon foreign policy and on Israel's military posture towards Jordan and the UAR. And, for those who look beyond the present unexplained migration from Rumania, there looms a larger and more ominous question: What would happen to Israel if Krushchev should one day decide that Russian Jewry be delivered into Zion?

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Fleet Street

Mysteries from Moscow

It is getting difficult to hold up one's head in Fleet Street these days without a fur hat on it. The destination of the hats, and the correspondents beneath them, has been the skyscraper Ukraina Hotel in Moscow – or rather of all but one. Mr Randolph Churchill and his hat are not with the hundred or so other journalists accommodated there. Mr Churchill did not, he confided to *Evening Standard* readers at a cable cost of around 7½d a word, consider that the Ukraina provided the sort of accommodation appropriate for an English journalist: he was almost as put out when he arrived as when he found himself allotted a room without a bath at the Tory Conference at Blackpool. He had himself moved at once to the National from which he was better able urgently to cable the *Sunday Express* that: 'The people who are governing Russia are quite grown up people, though they lack the education of Mr Macmillan', who, Mr Churchill added for good measure, 'is a very grown up person and knows a great deal more about life than do the people living in the Kremlin'.

After this it was a little shattering to find the *Manchester Guardian* opening its Moscow story the next day with an Italian proverb: 'A guest is like a fish – he stinks after three days', and headlining its report: 'Mr Macmillan's Visit Still Going Well: But Muscovites Doubtful If Anything Will Come Of It'. Some news editors may well have had the same doubt.

At this stage Guy Burgess intervened with a request for an assurance that he would be allowed to return to Moscow if he came to London to visit his mother. On this Mr Churchill has promised to assist: 'I have a sort of idea I could help the government out of the difficulty in which it finds itself. But of course they are too proud to ask me', he cabled the *Evening Standard*.

There is, however, another Russian enigma which needs to be cleared up if any of the special correspondents in Moscow have time to turn their attention to it. This is the mystery of Pasternak and the *Daily Mail.*

Just over a fortnight ago the *Daily Mail* published with considerable pride on its front page a poem entitled 'The Nobel Prize', which had been given by Pasternak to a young reporter on its staff, Mr Anthony Brown, during the course of a three-hour interview at his country house. Beginning 'I am lost like a beast in an enclosure', it was a moving and even a sensational poem, and one which the *Mail* understandably took a good deal of credit to itself for securing. The front page story was followed by a long feature article next day, which contained the gist of the interview which Pasternak had given to Brown, and a column leader the day after that. Since then there has been silence on the *Mail's* part – but not, it is reported, on Pasternak's. On the day of the leading article, and four days after the publication of the poem itself, the *New York Herald Tribune* and a number of French papers carried a message from the Moscow correspondent of United Press International stating that Pasternak had denied that the poem was given to the *Daily Mail* for publication. It had, it was claimed, only been handed to Mr Anthony Brown for him to pass on to a friend of Pasternak's in Paris, Madame Jacqueline de Proyart, curator of the Tolstoy Museum there. The following Tuesday a further message from the same correspondent appeared in the *New York Times,* repeating these charges but also announcing that Pasternak intended to seek reinstatement in the Soviet Writers' Union. Neither of these messages have been published in the *Daily Mail* – or any other British newspaper – or referred to by it.

The charge is obviously a serious one. If true it would reflect gravely both on the *Mail* and its reporter. But is it true? I am bound to say that after making careful inquiries I find it hard to believe that either the *Mail* or its reporter was guilty of a deliberate breach of faith. It is just possible that there was a misunderstanding – it is even more possible that at the end of a long interview Pasternak did not realise the full implications of what he was doing. But there seems little doubt from the records Brown kept – including a note of Pasternak's own translation of the first verse of the poem – that Brown's understanding was that the poem could be published and, indeed, had been handed to him by Pasternak, along with three others, for that purpose after he had asked if there was any possibility of him being allowed to have a scrap of original manuscript to reproduce. The *Mail* itself, I am informed, has received no complaint of any kind from Pasternak. There would, I am assured, be no question of its failing to publish any message sent directly by him. The charge against the *Mail* was given in a message from one Moscow correspondent only – although there are, of course, now a number of both British and American correspondents there. It was, apparently, based on a statement made by Pasternak during the course of his 69th birthday celebrations, when he seems to have been much disturbed by the reaction of some of those present to the publication of the poem. His announced intention to seek reinstatement to the Soviet Writers' Union may also be relevant.

But it is an unhappy situation. Unfortunate for the *Mail,* which perhaps understandably takes the view that it does not wish to enter into a public controversy with Pasternak unless he himself makes it clear that he challenges its action; possibly even more unfortunate in its conceivable consequences for Pasternak who, whatever the rights or wrongs of the actual publication, may well not have realised until later what publication could mean.

It would be nice if this controversy could be cleared up while all these British correspondents are in Moscow. But it is perhaps unlikely that it ever will be. For Pasternak is, understandably enough, reported never to want to see a journalist again; his wife is quoted as saying at the birthday party 'How many times have I told you not to trust journalists'. The actual interview given to Mr Brown has not been challenged in any way.

Francis Williams

Westminster

Bear-baiting

The Russians, so I am told, begin their bear hunts at an hour when the quarry is still in its lair. When the hunters are in position, auxiliaries ring bells or beat on trays and the bear, emerging sleepily from its hole, rubbing its eyes to see what all the clatter is about, presents an easy target. The opening of this week's defence debate reminded me of this.

There was Mr Duncan Sandys, a handsome, well-groomed bear for sure, but a sleepy looking one, peering into the morning light and blinking his eyes in apparent puzzlement at the sounds which greeted him. There were the beaters, trays and bells at the ready, some in front of him, an almost equal number behind him; and there, strategically placed about the chamber, were such marksmen as Mr George Brown, Mr Anthony Head and Mr Jo Grimond.

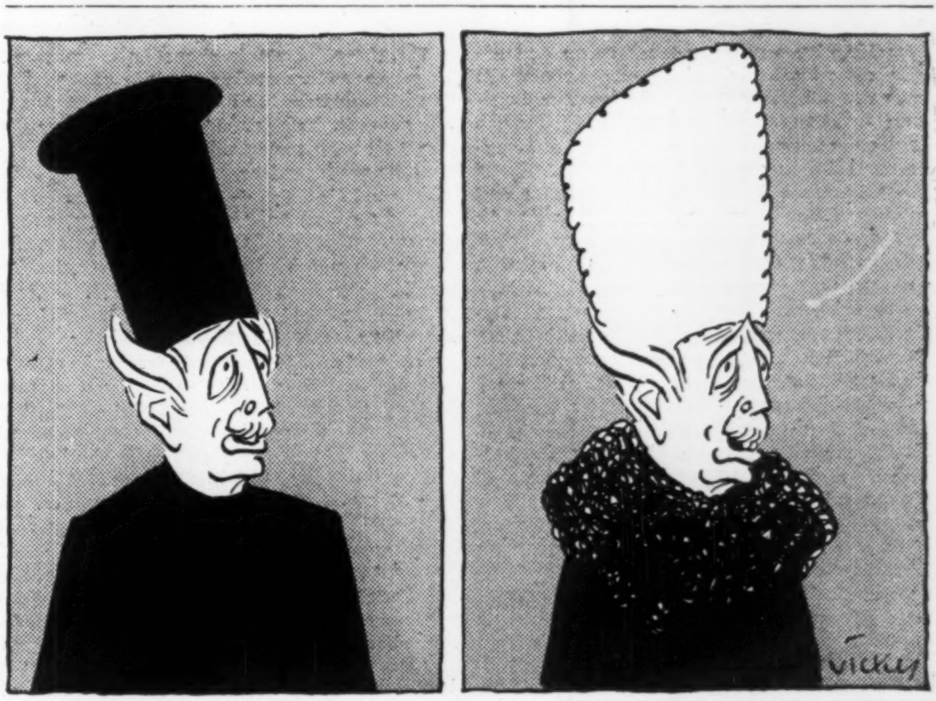
For a few minutes the hunt proceeded as planned. Sandys opened by saying that the plan he had put forward two years ago had proved so sound that there had been no need to change it. Mr George Ward, who had fought so stubbornly for more aircraft and is now to get some of them, contented himself with the ghost of a smile. At the mention of the purely British obligations which we were obliged to maintain, apart from our obligations under Nato, Lord Hinchingbrooke sounded his bell, and when Sandys said that some people thought that our conventional arms were inadequate for this purpose, Sir Fitzroy Maclean beat loudly on his tray. Soon bells and trays were sounding from the other side as Mr Frank Beswick and Mr Stephen Swingler began to ask if Sandys could tell them of any occasion on which we were likely to use atomic weapons independently of the United States and, if not, could he say what on earth was the point of having them at all? Sandys was certainly being tee-ed up as a very nice target.

But he is an unusual bear, in that he carries bells and trays of his own. He used them now. He had not intended, he said, to deploy the arguments in favour of Britain having the bomb because he had understood that on this, between the two major parties, there was complete agreement; and at that it was no longer quite clear who was hunting and who was being hunted. Mr Grimond, whose Liberal Party had put down an amendment deploring Britain's persistence in having its own deterrent, added to the growing uncertainty by suggesting that if there really was such unanimity between the Conservative and Labour parties, it would be fitting for the Leader of the Opposition to wind up the debate for the government; and thereafter Sandys got through the rest of his speech without acute discomfort and retired to his lair. So George Brown had to start the banging all over again, which he did to considerable effect.

Unhappily, with a deadline pressing, I had to leave the debate at this point, just when a whole series of exciting and important questions had raised themselves and before they had attracted answers. Had Sandys really moved away from his policy of reliance on the massive deterrent? If not – and Head stated that he had not – how will he avoid further clashes with his Service colleagues and with backbenchers like Hinchingbrooke? On the other hand, is Labour really to be committed both to the deterrent and to conventional weapons, as Brown's speech suggested? If so, how is the party to preserve reasonable unity, and how will it put over to the country the fact that, if returned to power, it will spend more on defence than the present government is doing?

The debate had turned into one of those serials where one has to wait for later episodes to find out who gets on top. It would not surprise me if the eventual answer to this was Jo Grimond.

J. P. W. Mallalieu



The Birth of a Nation

ON Thursday of last week, in room 325 at the London Clinic, a new nation was born. The initialling in Mr Menderes's bedroom of the 'agreed foundation for a final settlement' in Cyprus brought to an end a tragic and discreditable chapter of British colonial history. No useful purpose is served at this time by further allocation of blame for the miseries of the last five years. We warmly welcome the new agreement. That difficulties and hard bargaining lie ahead is clear; but much more significant now is the atmosphere of cordiality which has developed between Athens and Ankara and which permeated the London talks, even in the presence of Archbishop Makarios and Dr Kutchuk. By far the most important problem which lies ahead for an independent Cyprus is the welding together of Greek and Turkish Cypriots into a single nation. Indeed, the future prosperity of the new state, whether in or out of the Commonwealth, will depend on the success with which the two sets of communal leaders can now lay the ghosts they so improvidently raised during the years of struggle.

The London agreement, stripped of diplomatic verbiage, is based on three broad propositions. First, that both Enosis and physical partition are ruled out constitutionally and permanently. Secondly, that Britain retains sovereignty over her existing military bases. Thirdly, that, in order to safeguard the position of the Turks, reserved rights for the Turkish minority shall be built into the constitution, and powers of intervention as guarantors shall be given to Britain, Greece and Turkey. Of these propositions, the first is the absolute prerequisite of any viable system of independence for Cyprus. The second is undesirable in that – unlike the leasing of bases – it limits the sovereignty of a newly independent nation, and it may prove inherently unstable in that this limitation of sovereignty could very easily lead, as the years go by, to political friction. On the other hand, it amounts at present to little more than a face-saving gesture to the internal difficulties of the present British government: it has been conceded with good grace by the other signatories and in a few years' time, especially if Cyprus elects to stay in the Commonwealth, it will probably seem a pointless anachronism.

It is the third proposition which contains the seeds of real difficulty. All this elaborate and artificial structure of reserved rights for Turkish Cypriots is a direct result of the years of bitterness and division which have preceded it. It was probably inevitable in the circumstances; and certainly it would be unjust to blame the Turkish community for sticking out for the most effective safeguards they could get. Nevertheless, those who have the future of Cyprus at heart will concentrate not on making the safeguards work effectively, but on ensuring that, by common consent, they fall into disuse. The more they are brought into action, the more Cyprus will be condemned to a sort of 'communal partition'; the more the public interest is equated with short term communal advantage, the meaner, poorer and narrower will be the life open to the people of Cyprus, and especially to the small and relatively backward Turkish community. Good government depends ultimately not on whether there are three Turks to every seven Greeks, but on whether the ablest and most public-spirited men of both communities are attracted to the public service and, once there, given the chance to use their talents. A public service which is concerned more with communal balance than standards of integrity and ability will soon become a preserve of graft and sloth.

Moreover, the presence in Cyprus of token contingents of the Greek and Turkish armies and the right of intervention by the guarantor powers are, however inevitable, a further curtailment of sovereignty and a perpetual reminder of the communal past. The greatest test for Cyprus is whether, given an opportunity which only six months ago seemed beyond all reasonable hope, it can rise above the limitations of purely communal politics and take its place in the world as a single fully independent nation. The choice is whether to slide back from the relatively high standards of administration and prosperity which have accompanied the British connection to the squalor of an independent slum, or to strive as one nation to establish standards of government high enough to realise the considerable potential of the island and to carry on, in effect, from where the British leave off.

This is why the surprising cordiality of both the Zurich and the London talks is not to be dismissed as a trifle. During the next year the leaders of the two communities will establish by their own conduct and relations the atmosphere in which Cypriot independence will be launched. That they will have to use both ingenuity and goodwill to avoid the pitfalls ahead is obvious. Archbishop Makarios, apart from the pressure to which he will be subjected by extremists on both right and left to obstruct the realisation of the concessions which have been made to the Turks, is known to be sceptical about the sheer administrative practicability of some of the constitutional provisions which have been accepted in principle. Could the Turkish parliamentary veto, for example, be used by political manœuvre, not for a genuine communal end, but to protect some particular private lobby against the demands of the public interest? Is it too far-fetched to suppose that a group of wealthy Greek business men could, by one means or another, ally themselves with enough Turkish representatives to veto taxation proposals which might seem inimical, not to a community, but to a class or to a single vested interest?

This sort of example shows how, communal bargaining aside, there is room for a good deal of careful negotiation and disinterested difference of opinion in drafting the details of the constitution. The main responsibility for charting a successful voyage to independence lies with the Archbishop and Dr Kutchuk. History, we believe, will judge the Archbishop's conduct over the years of struggle against Britain to have been in the main honourable and politically shrewd. His real challenge lies ahead: can he now lead his people along a path of political development which will promote the growth of normal party politics and an end of communalism? If he is willing to use his influence – which is for the time being decisive – in this cause, is Dr Kutchuk on his side a big enough man to see that upon his guidance and example will largely depend whether the Turkish community choose to take their full place in a new European nation, or remain content to relapse into the obscurantism of Asia Minor – a dying enclave, privileged only to contract out of progress and to live at a lower standard than its neighbours?

Despite all the goodwill of the moment, the difficulties exist all right. But at least the baby has been born with far less travail than seemed possible, and for the first time there is real hope.

London Diary

I HEAR that a recent small advertisement in this journal succeeded in getting accommodation for a long-term prisoner on 'pre-release leave' (as the Prison Commissioners call it). A most sensible idea – to give a few days' leave to selected prisoners, a month or two before their final discharge, so that they can do something themselves to prepare for freedom, instead of remaining locked up and wondering what is being done for them. In this instance the advertisement was prompted by the assistant-governor at an open prison. He usually makes his own contacts with possible helpers, writing to them direct, but it's likely in future, I believe, to be the job of the new prison welfare officers now being appointed. I must say that this seems a slow process – their appointment was recommended five years ago by a Home Office committee, and we still have less than a dozen. Eventually there are to be over 100. I don't doubt that this, like other innovations, hurts a few well-established corns, and that a slow pace is tactfully adopted in order to minimise the pain. When the Central After-Care Association reported last year, it asked people with spare rooms to put up prisoners for these short periods (for payment, of course), but I believe the response has been pretty small: the idea needs a great deal of publicity – which it didn't get. It also requires a considerable change in public feeling. A lady of my acquaintance who does help in this way is always being asked by her friends whether she keeps a revolver! They probably think that the process of being prosecuted and imprisoned is enough to turn a man into a wild animal.

* * *

There is nothing sensational to reveal about Sunday's meeting between Mendès-France, Pietro Nenni and Nye Bevan in the Bevans' farm in Buckinghamshire. It was the climax of long efforts by M. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, the editor of the Paris *L'Express*. He succeeded in recording a talk between three men who are regarded, especially in France, as the symbols of the non-Communist left in Europe. He had in mind something more than a journalist's scoop. *L'Express* holds that the right-wing governments of western Europe today have no solution for our economic problems, and no good counter to Communism, while the leaders of the non-Communist Left have an answer, but since the victory of de Gaulle last May, have lost confidence in themselves. The articles that result from the meetings should be of exceptional interest. I gather that the record of the discussion is to be published both in *L'Express* and in the form of a pamphlet with illustrations by Henri Cartier-Bresson, the world's best photographer.

* * *

Africa South keeps a brave flag flying in a country where rebellious flags are seldom allowed to fly for long. Its editor and founder, Ronald Segal, who contributes a long supplement to this issue, was educated at the Universities of Cape Town and Cambridge, and won a fellowship to the University of Virginia where he was supposed to write a thesis on Milton's poetry. After only a few months, however, following the 'packing' of the Senate, he determined to play his part in opposing the drift towards Fascism at home, and threw up his academic career. The first number of *Africa South* appeared in October 1956. Its object was to tell the truth about what was happening to Africa; its scope was to include all Africa south of the Sahara. The prophets were gloomy about its prospects, but from the beginning it won enthusiastic support from African and Asian leaders, and also from European liberals all over the continent. It sold 4,000 copies of its first issue in South Africa, the US and Britain. After two and a half years its quarterly sales have doubled. The small capital on which it was launched disappeared long ago, but, in spite of the fact that it exists on a shoe string, it produces remarkable issues and includes articles from a surprising list of contributors, both European and African. The forthcoming issue includes the last poem written by Reginald Reynolds and probably the last article written by G. D. H. Cole, who contributes to a series on the tactics and limits of revolution in a colonial setting.

* * *

The Festival of Jazz – as the concert arranged by Christian Action on 2 March in the Festival Hall is called – would be certain to attract attention and an audience, even if the producer were not Dennis Matthews, the orchestra Johnny Dankworth's and the band Humphrey Lyttelton's. What is even more remarkable about this Festival is that the performers include three well-known singers who have obtained four days' leave from their present engagements in San Francisco and are flying the 12,000 miles here and back in order to raise money for the South African treason trial defence fund.

* * *

Fifty years ago the liveliest headlines described what were regarded as the wild antics of the Peths and the Panks – especially the Panks, who were fed up with forty years of constitutional agitation for women's suffrage and went out for exciting kinds of direct action. Today Mrs Pankhurst's statue stands outside the House of Lords (where she would have made an excellent life peeress) and an appeal is being made (see this week's correspondence columns) by Lord Pethick-Lawrence for funds to complete a memorial to her daughter, Christabel, who died only a year ago. Christabel deliberately got into all sorts of trouble. Perhaps her greatest moment was in 1908 when she was charged with distributing a handbill appealing to the crowd to 'help the suffragettes to rush the House of Commons'. At Bow Street she pleaded that 'to rush' only meant 'to hurry', and, before going to prison, she managed to subpœna Lloyd George and Herbert Gladstone, the Home Secretary. Defending herself, she proved that at least one woman was fully capable of being a QC. She had two central ideas about propaganda. One was that it was useless to badger your MP; back benchers, she said, were only the vestigial buttons on the tail of a coat. Only by making the life of cabinet ministers hell were women likely to get their way. She put them in a dilemma. Either they had to promise the vote, which for party reasons they could not do, or they had to refuse it, which, if, like Lloyd George, they were ministers with pro-feminist professions, they found it very hard to do. Her second idea was that since women were denied constitutional rights they were justified in acting unconstitutionally.

* * *

As a small boy I remember seeing Laurence Housman lead the Conservative party of the local parliament that was started in the little Cathedral city of Hereford after the Liberal victory of 1906. Nobody ever sloughed off his first opinions more completely. He became every sort of a leftist, pacifist, Gandhi-ist and even anarchist. Reading in his obituaries the long lists of his published works, I noticed one omission – a book which I used to possess. It was a parody of nineteenth century 'moral tales' for children. One verse has always remained in my mind as a permanently useful guide for politicians. Auntie watches a little girl turning round and round until she falls giddy on the ground, and then says that you cannot look at life all round:

Or all the facts that life may show
Combine to give you vertigo.

* * *

One of the most popular stories about de Gaulle in England during the war was that after an argument with Sir Anthony Eden he put his hand on his heart and said: 'Moi, je suis Jeanne d'Arc.' When I repeated this story the other day to a French politician he replied: 'I heard quite a different version. I am told that Eden asked de Gaulle not to talk as though he was Jeanne D'Arc. De Gaulle replied: 'Even if I do, I hope you won't burn me, too.'

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

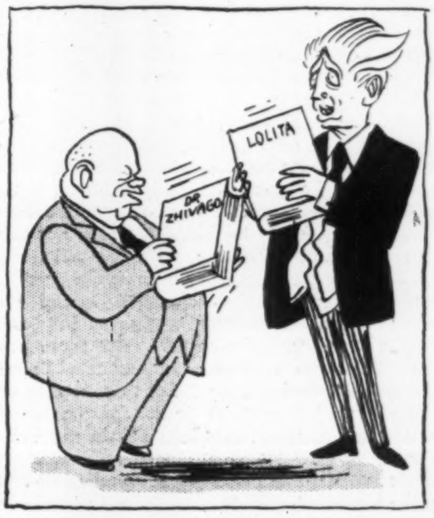
Her mother told the court: 'I was dismayed when I was told my daughter had hidden a knife in her brassiere.

'This would not have happened if she had not gone to a secondary modern school.' – *Daily Mirror*. (M. E. H. Davies.)

If general architectural standards in England since the war are considered to be low, the fault may be due to the influence of foreign architects who obtained teaching posts here during the war. – Letter in *The Times*. (Tony Mayer.)

The disgusting group of people presented by Miss Delaney in *A Taste of Honey* are certainly no true picture of the masses of decent folk of Salford's population, who may well resent Miss Delaney's travesty. I speak from many years' acquaintance with Salford. – Letter in *News Chronicle*. (J. P. Ford.)

My boy friend's parents are very old-fashioned, and he knows nothing about the facts of life. I find this embarrassing as people laugh at him, and make jokes which he can't understand. I don't feel I can explain things myself, but honestly, I am tired of being teased about him. What can I do? – Letter in *Woman's Own*. (D. Tandy.)



'There are other writers than Tolstoy and Dickens'
—Mr Macmillan

The Mezzogiorno Reformed

THE country from Naples to Eboli is so rich that if you dug your teeth in, it would burst with juice. At Eboli, the south began; expected, yet taking the landscape by surprise. The pink fur of peaches gave way to dervish cactus, their blades swollen with fruit like carbuncles. We stood on the road, waiting for a lift east, into Lucania. No trains ran on Sunday. 'Wait till Monday,' urged the garage man, 'no traffic goes that way. *Niente*.'

Peasants went stumping behind their mild sacrificial oxen, regarding us with opaque amazement. Maybe the garage man was right. Then a truck came by, illegally freighting bananas on the Sabbath. San Antonio evidently protected the driver, who had decorated the windscreen with icons, because traffic police halting him on the way took a bunch of bananas in lieu of our licence number. Up and down for hours, around magnificent haunches of mountain with villages crusting each peak like a grey scab. 'That's where I come from,' pointed the driver; 'a hole called Aliano. They've got nothing,' he roared above the engine; 'no television, no cinema – nothing but priests.' He didn't recall the name Carlo Levi. 'None of our families have that name. Who is he?' Over the demoniac diesel engine, skewering verbs from an obsolete dictionary, we tried to explain. 'When did he live in my village?' bellowed the driver. It must have been 20 years ago. 'No wonder I don't know him,' he shrugged in apathetic disgust.

Nowadays, this great writer and humanist lives in a green shadow of the Villa Borghese. Rome whined with heat, but his studio was cool, hung with amateurish pictures of peasant women, and groups symbolic of poverty. 'Didn't you know I'm a painter?' Levi shook his tanned satyr head, the broad laughing mouth not quite so amused. He wore a linen suit of pale blue which made his tight grey curls more handsome. We talked about the Mezzogiorno, Levi staring hard ahead with his oddly pale, blue marble eyes. 'Things have changed, of course. Agrarian reform, better housing. People do not die of starvation; they cultivate a small appetite. . .' He vanished for a moment to answer the phone. 'Agrarian reform, yes, my new book deals with it. Unfortunately, the bureaucrat is not perfect. They all make mistakes.'

Things had indeed changed, we thought climbing stiff-kneed from the truck at Matera, which might have been any mediocre, provincial capital. It was disappointingly remote from the gorgeous misery of imagination, or of Naples. You noted the marble bank, the *espresso* bar crammed with men watching football on a jittery television screen. Then, going beyond the Corso turgid with out-of-work idlers, you saw why Matera was unique. A dry gorge moats the town, its rock escarpment pierced by caves. Hundred upon hundred of caves. Some, across the gorge, are empty eye-sockets in the grey rock, but the other caves pullulate with women scrubbing, ragamuffin kids, poultry, cavorting shirts. The men leave before dawn, to scrape a living from pulverised fields around Matera. When their tall carts clatter home at nightfall, a perfume of olive oil and steaming mule-dung rises from the gorge. Their grandparents have roofed the caverns with greyish tile, and walled them with rock slab, until the whole gorge has become a wonder of organic architecture. Before the war, some 15,000 people lived there. It still appeared too full of humanity sharing a single room with mules and new-born lambs; but the official report talked of vanquishing *il simbolo del problema del Mezzogiorno*. Public agitation after the war, and a sure feeling for dramatic gestures, persuaded the Italian government to allocate 7,000 million lire towards rehousing the troglodytes.

'Our government has also allocated 8,000 million lire to build new churches,' interpolated Professor Stramiello, a local teacher of English, with flawless deportment and manicured accent. 'If only a fraction of that sum went into new schools,' he began, smiling politely, 'we could end *analfabetismo* without so many government committees.' The long-delayed 'Piano P' to end illiteracy has entered its initial stage in half-a-dozen pilot provinces, one of them being Matera. By opening a few new classes, prosecuting parents, and sending a teacher to isolated farms, the province cut truancy by half. About 600 children remained without schooling. 'We also have as many teachers without pupils,' noted the professor, klaxoning through the raggle-taggle urchins. In a typhoon of dust, we drove to a model estate, built solely for the fortunate cave-dwellers. The apartment blocks varied according to which mayor had been currently in office at the time of their building. Some were prison-bare without verandahs, while others hit you in the diaphragm with great swashes of nail-varnish red and methylated blue. All had water closets—unknown in the neolithic homes of Matera. 'But people don't want to move here,' regretted Stramiello, 'for they must pay rent; and the women prefer chatting by a pump instead of these lonely modern taps.' Some had already let their flats for key-money; families of ambition, on the other hand, couldn't move in quick enough.

Once the building programme is complete, in 1963, then hundreds of men will go back on the dole which means a daily tot of *grappa* for registering at the exchange. One in nine has no job, in good times. When the vines have been pruned, farm casuals join the *disoccupati*, their black corduroys held up with string. 'Now why don't the *Democristiani* build a factory here, instead of luxury flats?' demanded a bricklayer. 'Can I eat my nice bathroom? Mother of God, there are going to be changes when the party gets in.' Matera has a strong Communist vote. Despite threats of excommunication, labourers with time on their hands read the bill-board copies of *Unita*, spelling out each word aloud. 'Is that a sin?' the bricklayer wagged a rhetorical finger. 'Holy mother of God – I can get absolution for laying my neighbour's wife, but not for reading the football page.'

The Communists have campaigned for re-sharing the expropriated land, which has been carved into little plots by the agrarian reform officials – many of whom, say the Communists, are Fascist turncoats favouring their own kind at the expense of party-card holders. Not all the vast *latifundia* have been acquired for settling the landless. Furthermore, any estate of up to 740 acres remained exempt. The Communists naturally urge an extension of *Riforma Fondiaria*, and another attempt to form co-operatives – which they claim was sabotaged by the officialdom in charge of reform. Despite the obvious and remarkable improvement in agricultural technique (fertiliser is now even taken for granted), the administration gets hard knocks from every side – non-Red included. *Basilicata*, the only local paper, actually thrived on muddle. It was in fact financed by Signor Olivetti, in a vain bid to give his typewriter empire a political foundation. Two brothers, round and indistinguishable as Dum from Dee, rule the editorial office. Next door is a neat, unfrequented reading room, one of 50 paid for by Olivetti. 'The Mezzogiorno is full of good intentions,' the brothers clucked ironically. For illustration, we went to the model village of La Martella.

Unrra put a great deal of thought into planning the commune as a modern, hygienic image of its neolithic forbear. No doubt about that, we agreed, scuffing dustily by the cottages with hay under their clever concrete eaves. Everything was wonderfully designed, but sad with neglect. Plaster fell from the clinic roof, flies covered the kindergarten like measles.

'You cannot make model villagers out of cement,' remarked our guide, wiping his brow. La Martella culminated in a church so *avant-garde* it might have been an Aztec shrine. Terrible in wooden agony, Christ bared his teeth over the pre-Columban altar, lit by a totem pole. 'The Pope sent a famous sculptor here, just to decorate our church,' recalled an old woman, screwing her nose with incredulity. She knelt down with the other women, before a wax Madonna they had bought themselves, pinkly sentimental.

'Still, things begin to advance,' the editorial pair expanded in their round, impeccable suits. 'There are plans to tap water flowing beneath the dry bed of our chief river. Plans for a sugar beet factory. . . .' We sat in the only respectable café of Matera, getting drunk on regional development and *valbradano*. All the intelligentsia ate there, chewing white indiarubber cheese as if it were a political foe. 'We could turn the coastal plain into another TVA,' someone shouted over the television chant of Chlorodont, 'if only we had co-ordination.' 'No co-ordination,' murmured Dottore Mazzarone, 'that's the curse of Italy. Take health, for example. . . .' His own field, preventive medicine, was bedevilled by a tangle of institutes and institutions known by their esoteric initials. The doctor lived in a small room at the tuberculosis clinic, his wardrobe full of notes on mortality in Lucania. He owned nothing except a good shirt for conferences and a lot of birthday cards. So olive-dark that he looked unshaven, brooding, given to hopeless laughter, Dottore Mazzarone was much beloved by his patients. They had multiplied from a couple of hundred, in 1932, to 13,000 last year. Not that TB has increased: the mass radiography unit merely detects lung-damage before it becomes dangerous. Dottore Mazzarone showed us round his fine clinic, sadly. 'Yes, the equipment cost a lot of money – but where should the money go first? I don't know. The government is opening a sanatorium here, and a general hospital, while we have only one crêche in the whole province for under-nourished children; and the infant mortality is 78.6 in Lucania, compared with 18.5 in Sweden.'

'At least, now we have a Minister of Health,' Mazzarone continued, his brooding face cracking into uncontrollable, innocent laughter, 'the poor wretch – he's a TB specialist. Before him, health problems always went to the Minister of the Interior, who could plead ignorance.' We left the clinic, talking about a national health service as if Britain had put Utopia to shame. It was already late: evening had populated the sky with green planets, and the town with jerky neon commands – *Usate Chlorodont – Bevete Nescafe*. Beyond the staring, promenading Corso, a final memory of day honeyed the caverns. Laundry hung like beaten gold over a rubbish tip. Someone watered a rusty can of geraniums, and the cooling rocks gave out a smell of earth, dried urine and thyme. 'A pity,' murmured the doctor in his ironed English, 'that one suffers from rheumatic fever here.'

GERDA L. COHEN

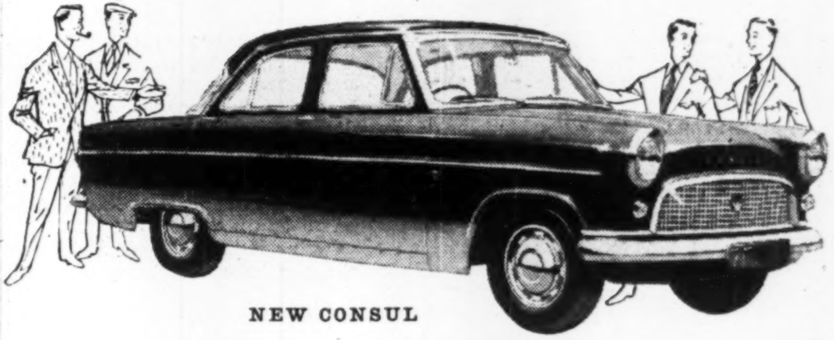
We don't Have to do It

MOST articles on the new mental health bill make the pertinent observation that the reforms cannot be accomplished without goodwill and co-operation from the general practitioners. At present this is too often lacking. There are, of course, admirable exceptions, though I have met but one. I asked this young West Indian doctor whether he thought there was any stigma attached to mental illness nowadays. He said that in his opinion stigma survives only in the doctor's surgery (this tallied with my own findings).

This particular doctor, considerably nicer and more intelligent that the usual run of his profession, tries immensely hard to understand the predicament of his neurotic patients. But unfortunately, general practitioners of his calibre are still very rare. Most ex-mental patients will tell us that their GP was unable to diagnose their condition when it was starting. This is a pity, because many complete breakdowns begin gradually, and it should be possible in some instances to prevent them from developing. Of course it depends on the variation of the disease: for my part I did not go to a doctor until I was pretty far gone. But even with the presence of visual and aural hallucinations, the man appeared not to recognise or believe the symptoms; or if he did, he really thought I could snap out of it and shake them off. His attitude was sometimes that I was just being silly, sometimes that I was behaving selfishly; and his advice to my relatives was not to take too much notice of me: I was merely angling for attention.

This was a bit hard, because often for hours or days at a time I made superhuman efforts to ignore the incessantly babbling and populated air around me. Without the aid of sedatives or stronger psychiatric methods, this unnatural discipline makes matters very much worse. However, if one batters away at one's doctor long enough, he is generally only too glad to palm one off on to the nearest out-patient department of a mental hospital – though I do recall my doctor's extreme reluctance as he scribbled the note. 'You'd do far better to steer clear of psychiatrists', he said. Whether or not his views on the latter were well-founded is beside the point: when one goes out of one's mind there is no one else to turn to, and in any case one is better off in a nuthouse, where one fits in and somehow feels safer. Also it is not fair to relatives to expect them to bear a burden which in the case of severe physical illness is speedily removed.

I have heard of much more serious examples of this stumbling block, such as a friend who had become steadily worse to the point of violence, and still his wife could not move their doctor to action except by behaving like a maniac herself, cursing and threatening the man in his surgery. It is equally distressing for the milder, more chronic types of sufferer, who eventually give up going to their GP because there is neither constructive help nor kindness forthcoming, and no attempt at diagnosis. The danger is that, in their frustration and loneliness, they may turn to less orthodox practitioners. Some not so antagonistic doctors keep their pests at bay with regular supplies of drugs; but I feel in the long run this does more harm than good, and in any case it is evasive action. I have never used sedatives since leaving



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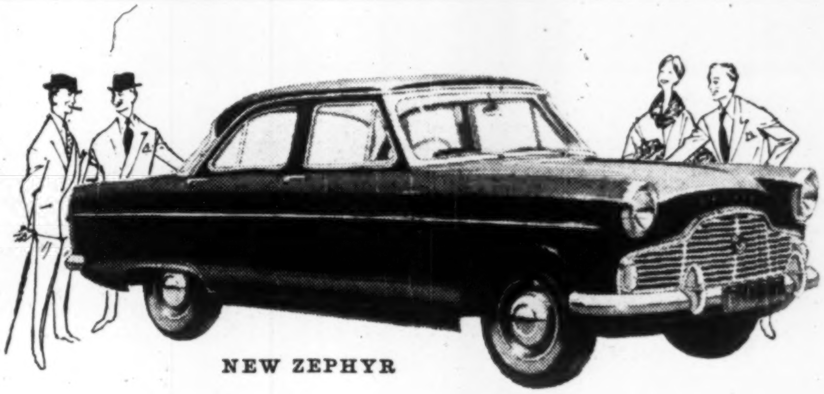

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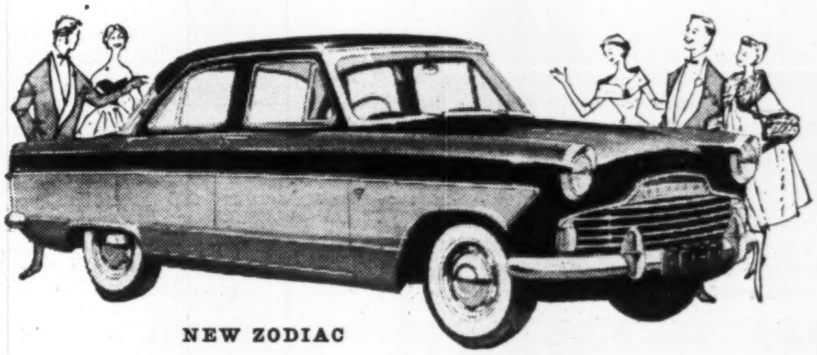

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hospital because I have a shrewd idea I could easily become reliant on them.

If one is lucky enough to get away with one's breakdown, the position when one comes out is as bad if not worse. The stock psychiatric treatments in our overcrowded hospitals offer first aid, nothing more. The rest is up to the patient. But such is one's initial bewilderment and confusion, it is about two years before one can take over and formulate one's individual cure. During this time one can continue as an out-patient; but personally, after attending once, I found the treatment so negative that I gave it up. As well as mental stress and bouts of depression due to the snail's-pace recuperation – which feels like going up an escalator the wrong way – one is prone in this period to minor physical ailments, sometimes owing to the type of treatment one has had. Insulin shock, for instance, with its attendant starchy diet, can have prolonged physical repercussions. So one cannot avoid consulting one's GP.

But once branded as a mental case, one might as well stay at home or consult the local chemist. I tried two successive doctors (neither being the one I'd had before), and with both I was aware of icy hostility the minute I entered their aura. This in the end makes matters worse for the GP, as it increases nervousness and apprehension. It is taken for granted one is a hypochondriac, and admittedly I did become a bit this way, though whether I should have so deteriorated had I been treated humanely at the outset is open to question. It is certainly true that the more unpleasant my doctor became, the more aches and pains I developed, and the more I was driven to the surgery, often nearly in tears with the dread of being snubbed. It becomes a battle-to-the-death: one *has* to prove there's something wrong, and the doctor is equally set on proving that there isn't.

GPs put across their loathing in different ways. They may be openly rude, they may refuse to utter, or they may pretend to send one to a specialist, who turns out to be merely a psychiatrist primed to send one away again. This ruse is really frightening. When it happened to me, a physician conducted the inquiry, with a very young psychiatrist sitting beside him and two nurses guarding the door. It took the form of a sneering third degree, a determined effort to trap me and to twist my answers, and although the psychiatrist occasionally glanced at his colleague with raised eyebrows, he made no move at all to alleviate my mounting distress. When it dawned on me that I could not leave the room until I agreed to come into the observation ward (stepping-stone to incarceration proper), I said I'd go home and make arrangements. Once there – and never have four walls seemed so secure and compassionate – and when the fear had subsided enough, I committed to paper what I still consider one of my finest pieces of letter-writing. But satire directed against the medicos is not a wise idea, and I received a biting comeback in the form of the soothing line taken with raving lunatics. Such is the unique prestige enjoyed by doctors that one's relatives are more inclined to believe them than oneself, so one begins to feel as alone as one did when insane.

Not long after this incident, the toxic condition I was suffering from flared up in one ear; but not until the drum actually burst did I dare to call in my GP. Then, instead of the glowering face I expected to come round the bedroom door, there appeared the fresh and eager smile of a *locum*. My gratitude was such that I found myself laughing and talking in a way I never thought to again, with one of his profession.

For years after that, effective though my self-imposed recovery programme proved in other respects, I went to pieces when I was faced with the most harmless questioning. One time when struggling to call to mind the birth dates of my family, I gave up and offered the first numbers that came into my head. The man from the council remarked how strange that we were all born on the tenth of the various months. When he'd gone away, looking thoughtful, I realised to my chagrin I'd taken several years off my husband and added a few to myself. I think that must have cured me.

Anyway, my physical health improved after the ear trouble, which made it easier to keep away from my arch-enemy. When we moved from London and were able to start anew with another GP, I decided to keep my medical past a dark secret, and was gratified to be treated the same as anyone else. I still am, because he still doesn't know. But I did not realise that this deep-rooted prejudice extends to some general hospitals, or I would not have been fool enough to let out the terrible truth when I went into one to have my first child. The sanest women will tell you that, in the event of long and complicated labour, in the small hours they are sure they're going mad. This, naturally enough, was far more alarming for me, with old symptoms creeping stealthily back.

I suppose it does show just how nearly dotty I was, in that I thought there'd be more assistance – either drugs or an encouraging word – if I explained I was an ex-mental patient and couldn't take what other women could. Of course it was a fatal step, but I do not propose to enlarge upon the following ten days or it would surely read like persecution mania. Suffice to add that I lost all the ground painstakingly gained over the previous four years, and it was six months before a crumb of confidence was restored. I had been made to feel so despicable a piece of humanity that I was too ashamed to tell even my husband the full story. And I could not get very far; nightmares and the wounded-animal feeling persisted, and so I had my second child – at home. Surrounded by warmth and interest, I achieved what I thought no borderliner could – painless childbirth.

Were mine the only observations of their kind, I would dismiss myself as a peculiarly exasperating woman where medicos are concerned. But one hears the same complaint again and again from other neurotics and ex-mental patients. Most of the latter who were in my term are by now so used to the position they can laugh it off. A schoolteacher, unmarried, now fully recovered and possessing a marked clarity of mind, told me with delight about her latest GP who, being keen on psychology, promised to be an improvement on his predecessors. But one extreme is no better than the other. Now when this friend – ten years away from her breakdown – attends surgery with bronchitis or maybe lumbago, the brusque rejoinder is: 'Well of course you've got lumbago. What else do you expect? Where's your love life?'

My own troubles are now sufficiently far in the past for me to feel myself a safe distance from the whole business. I can view it with humour; I have absolutely no rancour against doctors. On the contrary, I am sorry for them and wish something could be done to help them bear with neurotics. I do appreciate we are more maddening than mad. Any reforms in the mental health field must start at this end, otherwise the current bill is going to make very little difference. At the moment the average GP continues to regard going off one's head as an optional thing. We don't *have* to do it! If only this were true.

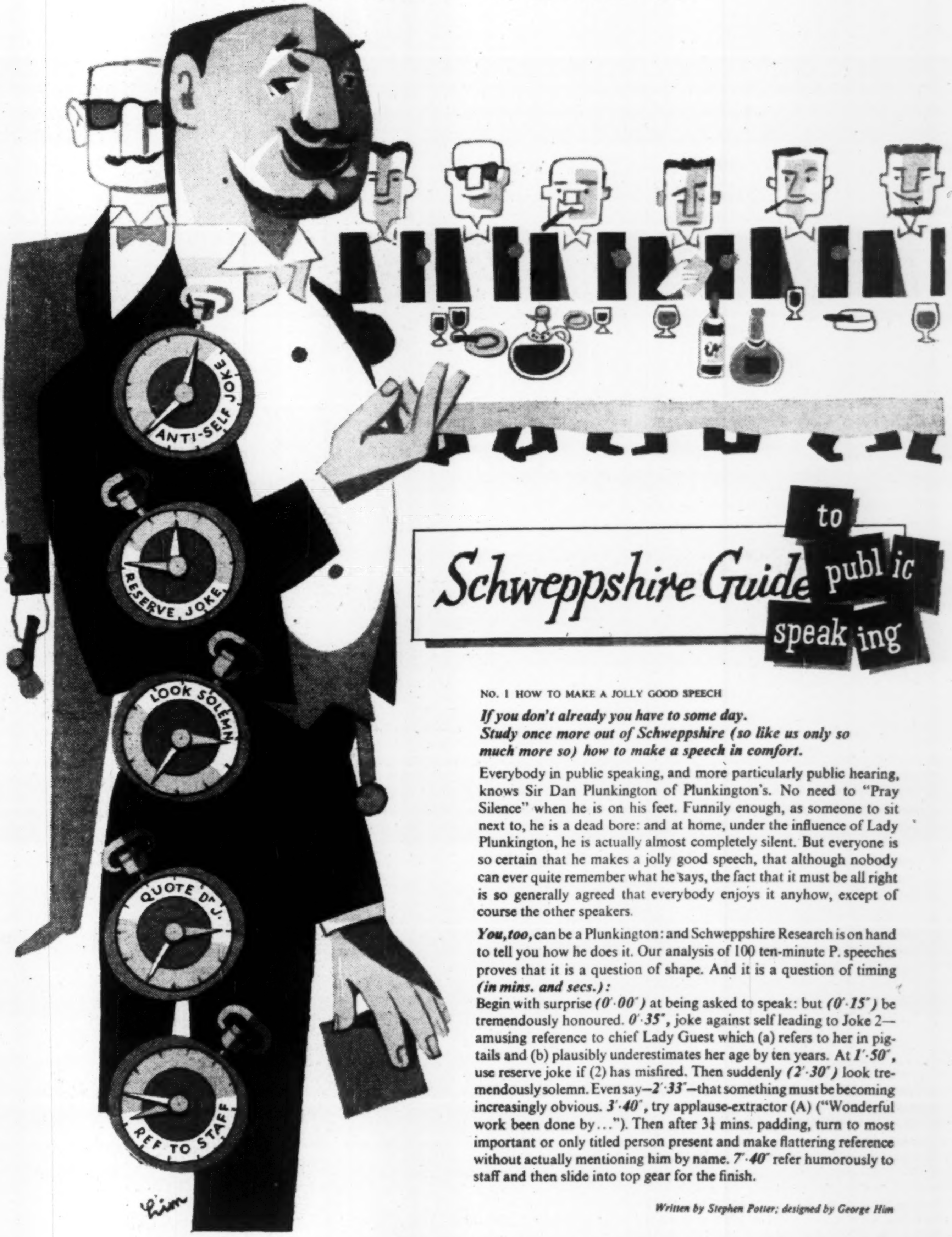
MARY CECIL

Talking about Rugby

IRELAND begins at Euston Station, whether you are travelling to Dun Laoghaire, Dublin, Belfast or Larne. For myself Euston was the first patch of English soil (if soil is the word) that I set foot on. But it does not seem to me now what it was in 1917. The Great Hall has long since lost its model trains and engines that did things at the drop of a penny; nor does it now look so great; I cannot agree with Auden that its staircase would fill out any modern 'dictator's dream'. Still, platforms 12 to 15, grimy and malodorous as ever, retain at least the glamour of Irish voices alight with the thought of homegoing. And for me, who feels at home either side of the anomalous border, it makes no odds whether those voices are northern or southern. The 'dour' Ulsterman and the 'free-and-easy' Southerner (both epithets need qualification) have much more in common with each other, I realise now, than either has with the Englishman. I wonder if English visitors to Ulster are not sometimes embarrassed by the ubiquity of the Union Jack which, in symbolism if not in colour, has suffered such a sea-change in its passage up Belfast Lough.

The border, of course, is all very well for politicians (some of the Anti-Partitionists would be lost without it); but the ordinary Irishman on both sides, being a magnificent hypocrite and also basically practical, manages largely to ignore it. In two fields at least it is completely ignored – in the churches and in Rugby football. A 'good hater' of an Orangeman will serve most devotedly in an Irish XV under a 'papish' captain. And *vice versa*. A South African friend of mine told me that, the day after a 'British' touring XV had won their last test match in Cape Town, two of the Irishmen who had contributed to the victory took a taxi into the veldt, where, having started on politics, they got out and fought each other to a standstill. After which they had a very good lunch together. After which they returned to Ireland, ready to back each other up to the neck in the next match against 'the ould enemy' – England. Not that Rugby football is approved of by all the people in Ireland; Mr De Valera, once a keen player and still a great fan, may not attend any Rugby match and has to content himself with radio commentaries. To the Gaelic League, of which he is president, 'Saxon' sports are supposed to be anathema. Yet any Gaelic Leaguer is sorry when the Irish XV is defeated. One reason for this is that four times out of five in this as in many other games (golf perhaps is an exception) Ireland is billed as the underdog.

All underdogs together then, the London Irish shake off the banana skins of Euston and start on the golden and liquid journey to Lansdowne Road. As on Flecker's road to Samarkand women are hardly encouraged to accompany them (though many more women do go to Lansdowne Road than to Cardiff Arms Park, perhaps because the Welsh, while much more sexy, are also by nature more restrictive). Anyhow both the playing and the watching of Rugby are largely a matter of male ritual; it stands to some other



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Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

sports as Mithraism stood to Christianity, and its emblem too might be the Bull. Both the physical violence involved and the endless chewing over of statistics, records and anecdotes appeal, of course, to adolescents. All the same the adolescent, like the child, has a right to survive in the adult; we don't all want to grow up into Shaw's horrible old sages.

If the Ancient Greeks had made our unnatural dichotomy between brain and brawn – or, as Oxford used to put it, between 'aesthetes' and 'hearties' – the fifth century BC would have been the poorer both in literature and sculpture. While many British intellectuals still look down on Rugby (Association football seems to have more appeal, for instance, to logical positivists), I am glad to have met at least one poet who had once played full back for Scotland – 'when the other full back', he modestly explained, 'was crocked'. This highly sensitive young man held forth at length on the mystique of it all. But naturally our code, with its oval ball and consequent unpredictability, must appeal more to the poet than to the scientist. Another obvious reason why many poets like it is its sheer animality. An Irishman once said to me of a famous Irish forward: 'If he came in here now you'd think him a harmless big slob of a fellow – but put him on the field and he'll kick his grandmother to bits'. That is the language of Homer.

In the four home countries the game varies in status. In England, at least in the south, it still remains largely a snob game smelling of the public schools (remember *The Loom of Youth*?). It is very different in Wales, where the goalposts are rooted in the coalface. In Ireland it is something in between; there are grounds in Munster where visiting sides have faced stoning. One notable fact about modern Irish international teams, as compared with ancient ones, can be proved by looking at the names on the programmes. The 'Ascendancy' names have gone out and 'native Irish' names come in. As for the international grounds, each has a very distinctive character. Lansdowne Road has the prehistoric charm of the Irish pipes, and the unique hazard of a level crossing just outside it. Still the whistle of the railway engines is just as much a part of its *persona* as the strains of *Let Erin Remember*.

As for this year's England match, Erin will only remember it with sorrow; she had all the chances and threw them away. But this did not affect the ritual of the Bull. For the rest of that day, in the Shelbourne and the Dolphin and Jammet's and innumerable bars and 'bonafides', the Bull stood chewing the cud, up to his withers in porter. 'If only the selectors had a titter of wit' . . . 'If only that drop-kick had gone one foot to the left'. . .'If only they'd tried a Garryowen when' . . . 'If only Jackie Kyle had been playing!' And so, but very late, to bed to dream of Europa – which means to say, of the next match.

LOUIS MACNEICE

The Arts and Entertainment

Robbed

GENERALISATIONS about the state of the world deduced from evidence about 'the younger generation' tend to backfire. They are usually veiled regrets. Nevertheless this is the tenth Young Contemporaries Exhibition (at the RBA) and the difference between it and the first one in 1949 is very striking. The 500 or so works, selected from about 40 art schools throughout the country are probably a representative cross-section; they reveal that the majority of students have gone over to some form of Abstract Expressionism, that Picasso and the School of Paris are taken for granted and no longer thought relevant, that all didactic work is shunned – and also that æstheticism is rejected.

Indeed, it is a strange experience looking at these works – and of course an essential one for anybody interested in our cultural situation. One has an impression of talent, energy and toughness. The 'sensitivity' of the romanticism of the Forties has been altogether shoved out. These people are proud of having no illusions – they came in on the ground floor. Which is not to say that they all want to scale up to a Room at the Top. But just as John Braine's penetrating story is really about the way a corrupt society can corrupt innocence without supplying real experience, so the pride of this new generation of artists is also a form of perverted innocence – based on the illusion that *all* constructive hopes are illusions. And this is the cause of one's second impression: that the majority of these students, despite their talent and energy and toughness, have given up the idea of communicating. The canvas has taken the place of the spectator and the subject. This is neither a lost nor a betrayed generation; it is one making do with what has been left them after wholesale robbery. Those who have stolen real experience (the subject) and hope (the spectator) from them include our official politicians, our bankers and æsthetes, our journalists, our idealist philosophers, our compilers of Honours Lists, our advertisers – and their own teachers.

Action Painting is of course a rejection of all teaching methods. And the rejection is not surprising. When one looks at the few representational works here one can see what today's teaching in general (naturally there are a few good individual teachers) is like: a sad, lazy eclecticism, a kind of dreary correspondence course mixture – a bit of tonal painting, a bit of illustration, a bit of 'sensitive' drawing, a bit of Cézanne, a bit of leaving-it-unfinished-to-make-it-more-interesting. Under such tutelage it must indeed be hard to remember that Corot or Goya or Monet *looked* with such passion that the consistency of their style became inevitable.

That the crisis which these young artists have to face is at least partly due to the way they are taught is confirmed by the best works on show. These are by Dennis Creffield, Dorothy Mead, Charles Fabian Ware and Mario Dubsky. Simply for the sake of description I'd say that each of them follows the example of the late David Bomberg. They use thick paint and their canvases are densely worked upon with large brush strokes. Their aim is to establish, without much regard to particulars – so that a still life may look rather like a landscape – the sheer volume in space which their subjects occupy. They confirm my argument about teaching because they reject all finesse or elegance of method. It is as if they were beginning again with only a basic vocabulary, or as if they were deliberately painting with their left hands because their right hands had only acquired the skill to perform specious tricks. Their paintings are difficult to enjoy: the colour is usually turgid, the paint coarse, the tonal contrasts slight, the subject vague. But at the same time their seriousness of purpose is obvious, and their austerity, in a sense, heroic. Nor does one just 'feel' this: it is manifest in the paintings themselves. They are mostly strongly and intricately composed – because they have been worked round a focus of concentrated study. They create a sense of reality even if rather unspecifically; clearly they comment on a world in which there is air to breathe, in which forms occupy space and so can be solid obstacles, in which men can live three-dimensionally – as when they build, pitch tents or travel.

How these artists will develop is an open question. Robbed like their contemporaries, they have been less passive than them; they have begun to rebuild. Yet there is a danger that they may make a virtue of their poverty and blunt, crude instruments. And this would certainly be a mistake. Their left hands must eventually become as accomplished as their right – only without recourse to tricks. Four other students whose work, for various reasons, I'd like to see more of are Peter Morell, John Kaine, John Walker and Michael Sandle.

JOHN BERGER

Renoir Twenty Years After

RENOIR'S *La Grande Illusion* – to be found at the Academy with the Aldermaston film reviewed last week – comes back to us enhanced by its twenty-one years. This happens to so few films that we may well ask ourselves why. It isn't even the Renoir film most critics would name his best: a distinction that would go surely to *La Règle du Jeu*, with *Partie de Campagne* as a light runner-up. Nor, except in a minor degree, can its survival or growth be ascribed to unusual orginality, prophetic insight, or lack of mannerism; though no doubt these helped. When we first saw the film, the lights were beginning to go out over Europe for the second time, and we knew well enough that a third time would be threatening, that wars do not end war but perpetuate it. Our illusion at the moment may be that 'next time' will end not only war but everything. But of course it won't; Asia will be the new world, preparing for itself one can't know what self expressions and destructions. And so, one supposes, it is likely to go on, in a ding-dong of dread and hope.

What *is* the Great Illusion? For Sir Norman Angell it was fairly simple – the notion that war pays; from a realisation it didn't would follow peace with profit. Illusion indeed! For Renoir perhaps it was – and is – the more fundamental human instinct always to struggle out of one's old chains and forge new ones, never to be content, from imprisonment to know freedom, and from death to grasp life. Perhaps, I say; for I'm really not quite sure. Renoir has a heart; he feels; he loves human behaviour as he does tactile objects; he makes us feel; and what we feel may not be quite the same thing. But does that matter? Is *Hamlet* any the less because it can be taken different ways? Doesn't our participation help to make it what it is, the measure of a masterpiece being the creative response it engenders? Renoir himself, I believe, would assent to this. And it may be that criticism is wrong, and that *La Grande Illusion* by its continued hold proves itself.

At any rate, here it is again, with the excuse that a few small cuts have been restored. (This copy, it is rumoured, was preserved throughout the

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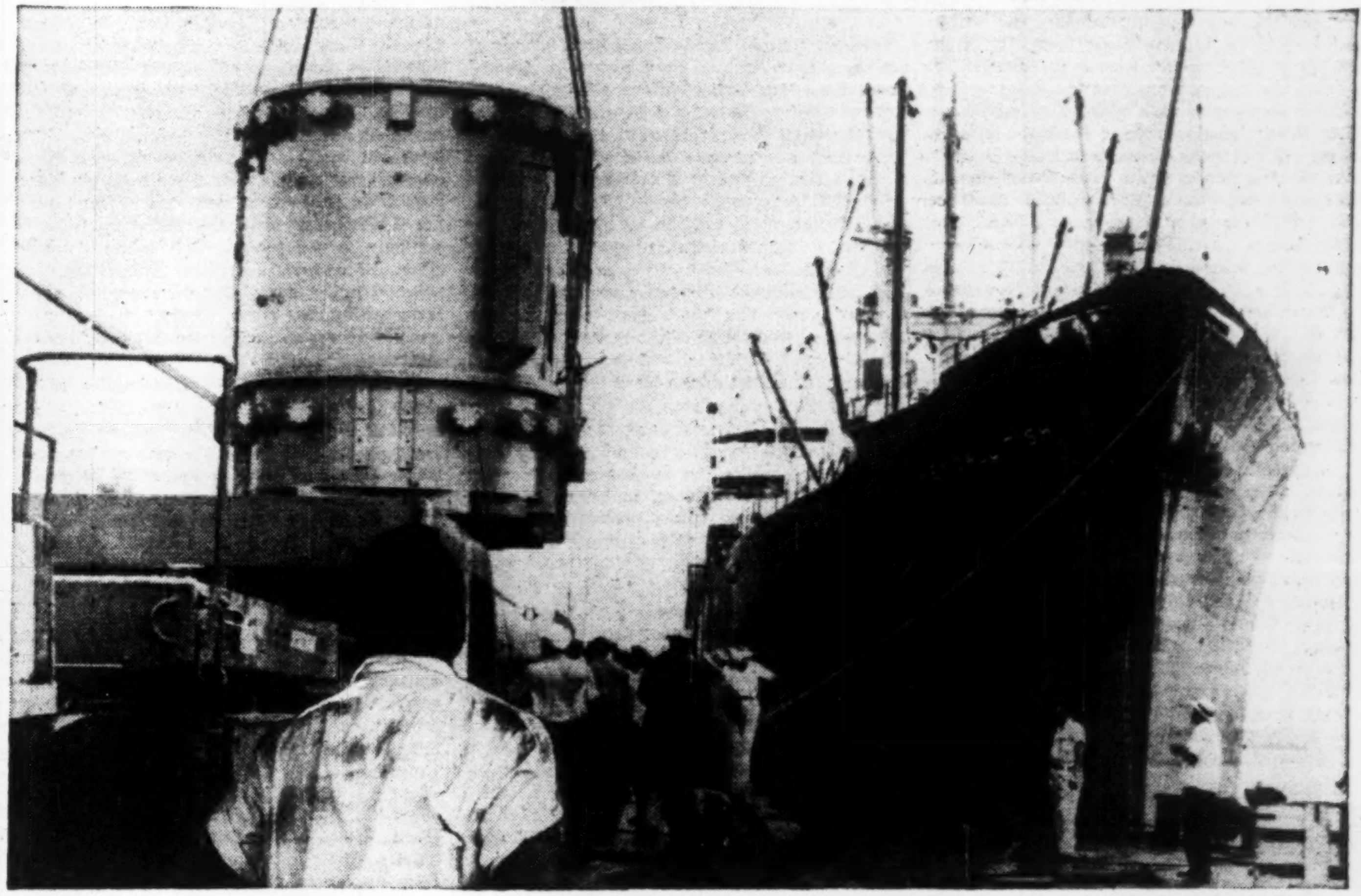

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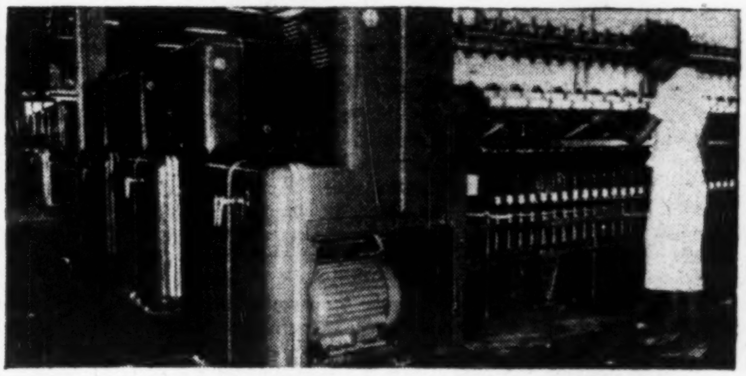

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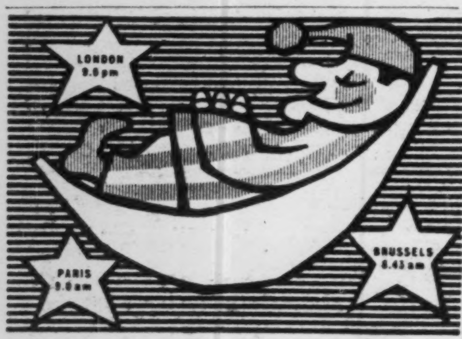
war in a Munich cellar!) Once more the aristocrat and the plebeian among French officers move from one prison camp to another, watch the old men and the boys drilling outside, the wheat fields sliding by, see the castle loom up on its rock from which there can be no escape. In isolation, the old enmities crumble; class speaks to class; German *samurai* (Von Stroheim) welcomes French *samurai* (Pierre Fresnay); it is an elegant duel between them, raised to a strange pitch of imagination when, with flutes on the battlements, the old order dies, and two men in love with the gross world outside (Dalio and Gabin) escape to it. Their sojourn with a German woman whose husband was killed in the war, the love affair and final breaking away over the Swiss frontier seem less an epilogue than they did, every moment of dallying tells: proof that we cling now more to hope than we did! And then, in the Renoir way, the whole film is saturated with minor illusions: the word of honour in war, the men in the annual show playing women's parts, those who have grown old in uniform taking for granted the play-acting of the young yet to see battle. *La Grande Illusion,* besides compelling attention to its particular drama, does stir in us whatever thoughts about freedom and war may be pressing hardest; and that is an appeal likely to persist.

Among escape films that are nothing more, *Danger Within* (Odeon) has little new to offer, except a traitor in the camp who starts whodunit tensions which are too soon resolved, and some faithful English character-drawing defeated less by war than by the story. We are asked to believe in 400 men escaping through a tunnel during a camp performance of *Hamlet* – and we don't.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT



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Victoria Station, London, S.W.1.

Half-and-half Debate

MR MACMILLAN'S Russian visit has dug out of the caves some strange contributors to viewers' knowledge of the Soviet Union: a brigadier who had been military attaché in Moscow and therefore 'knows all about it' turned up to make some fairly unhelpful remarks in, of all places, *Late Extra,* a desultory and, I imagine, inexpensive little ITV programme about 'the personalities who give late-night London its glamour, vitality and spirit.' (Who started *that* myth?) But nuclear disarmament seems to have replaced mental illness as the favourite subject for serious television, especially now that there have been protests against the broadcasting of the charges made by a former mental patient, this time in a BBC programme. (There has been a lot of protesting lately against various things seen on TV, and I agree with some of it: I am particularly glad that dentists and others have succeeded in getting those revolting and misleading toothpaste commercials modified. But I hope that, in general, fear of causing offence won't make producers and programme planners tend to play safe.)

Besides the two editions of *This Week* which were devoted to nuclear disarmament Bertrand Russell discussed the subject with Lord Coleraine (*né* Law, deputising for Lord Hailsham) in William Clark's *Right to Reply.* Both took familiar lines, Coleraine that it was 'a mistake to fasten on a symptom only, instead of going to the roots', Russell that Britain, disregarding American and Russian H-bombs, should lead the other nations in a non-nuclear club; but I was surprised, because I had thought him a unilateralist, when Russell added that we should give up the bomb if this club can be formed but not otherwise 'because it's the main asset we have in negotiation'.

There are indeed many gradations and nuances of opinion on this subject, as well as the views of the out-and-outers on each side; and I am not sure that these were adequately represented in *This Week's* double bill. Nor did this formula – the arguments on one side one week, those on the other side a week later – turn out to be satisfactory: with a whole week's viewing and, no doubt, private debate in between, many viewers must have forgotten, when the second programme came on, what had been said in the first and by whom. Many others must have seen one but not the other. In an argument of this kind, both sides must surely be engaged on the same occasion, so that fallacies can be challenged at once and there is some cut-and-thrust. Some of the interviews, too, were absurdly brief: it is a waste of talent, and hard on the viewers, to get hold of people of the calibre of Kingsley Martin and Marghanita Laski and allow them only a sentence or two each. Frank Beswick had more time and made good use of it: he was one of the best of the disarmers. John Strachey interpreted the official Labour Party line with suave persuasiveness. Some of the 'men-in-the-street' interviews in the second programme sank as low as argument can sink: one of them spoke of Mr Macmillan's new friends as 'wicked and evil men with a different way of life'. And 'None of us *like* bombs, but . . .' is now the equivalent, in this controversy, of 'Some of my best friends are Jews'.

There was a puzzling point in Percy Cudlipp's contribution – his suggestion that Zeta, the process for harnessing thermo-nuclear energy, was an outcome of H-bomb research. Some time ago Sir John Cockcroft, speaking on TV, said just the opposite; and further contrary evidence appeared in January 1958 in some highly expert articles in *The New Scientist* – of which Cudlipp is editor!

Another controversy – less global, but even more bitter – may soon be only a historical illustration of the tragic folly of imperial government: Cyprus. With peace in sight and a consequent renewal of the ancient romantic friendship between Britain and Greece, it was restful to listen to *The Travellers* on the Home Service. This, last week, was a discursive conversation on Greece by three eminent Philhellenes, all authors of admirable books on their subject – Dilys Powell, Patrick Leigh Fermor, and Peter Mayne, under the chairmanship of Kevin FitzGerald. This was not only, as you would expect, a highly civilised discussion and poignantly evocative of the Greek scene and character; it was also extremely smooth broadcasting, for those taking part all sounded completely unconscious of the fact that what they said was being recorded.

Facts & Figures had an interesting item on fashion in Christian names. Generalisations about these are weakened when the data are gathered from the front page of *The Times,* whose readers mostly prefer John and Anne to Roy and Marlene; but it would be a formidable task to collect the necessary information from the clergymen who still baptise some 70 per cent. of English babies.

I quoted last week an illiteracy from *Dotto.* Despite some recent unfavourable publicity, *Double Your Money* is (after, a long way after, *Criss-Cross Quiz*) the least objectionable of these quiz-games, largely because of the agreeable and amusing personality of Hughie Green. Even he, helpful as he often is to numbed, or dumb contestants, couldn't save a young woman who was alleged to be hoping shortly to take a degree (in, we gathered, Eng. Lit.) at Edinburgh. Asked who, in prison, wrote *The Ballad of Reading Gaol,* she replied, firmly, 'Bunyan'. Mr Green tried frantically to put her right, and between them ('Take a *wild* guess,' he said) they got the name Wilde. Relaxing a little, he asked for the Christian name. 'John,' she said.

TOM DRIBERG

Triumph of Lammermoor

A MEMORABLE evening at Covent Garden! Many were thrilled not only by Joan Sutherland's performance, but also by the music. A comparison by Peter Heyworth in the *Observer* between Bellini and Donizetti made me listen again to a record of *Qui la voce,* from *I Puritani.* What a difference! Here Bellini reminds one almost of Gluck, while Donizetti looks forward to Verdi; sometimes (as in the remarkable passage where Enrico tells Lucia to read the letter he has forged) even late Verdi. His melodies have not the intensity of Bellini's, which have to bear the whole burden of a deep and genuine emotion. Donizetti's carry far less responsibility, and move lightly and in dance-like rhythms. Yet his melodic inspiration has always been recognised, and rightly so. The difference between us and the 1890s, when Bernard Shaw made such fun of Donizetti, is that we are no longer so obsessed with harmony, so bored by simple accompaniments, or so insulted by the use of a mere handful of instruments. We may even find pathos in a melody for the flute, if it is saved for the right moment, as in the 'mad scene' of *Lucia.* Of course no one will deny that that there are trivial accompaniments and poverty-stricken harmonies. But there are also powerful moments, as when Raimondo tries to keep the peace between Enrico and Edgardo; this whole scene develops an impetus that is most exciting. As to the harmonies, it is partly a matter of proportion. A clavichord can hardly be heard at the other end of a large drawing-room, and there is no instrument that can be practised so safely at two in the morning; but one can grow so accustomed to its dynamic range that a *crescendo* seems to fill not only the room but the whole neighbourhood. There are *scenas* in *Lucia* which give the same relative impression of power. Then the moment arrives for one of those delightful arias or cavatinas and the dramatic temperature drops by twenty degrees. Not always; but three times out of four.

It is Lucia herself who has the finest music, and the success of the opera depends on her ability to combine two accomplishments that very rarely go together nowadays. She must have a superlative technique, and at the same time a sense of drama. Joan Sutherland satisfied these requirements almost to perfection. Not only did she sing more beautifully than ever, with every note pure and distinct even in the most formidable passages; she also seemed to have gained in confidence and daring. How wonderfully, for example, she managed those nuances in the 'mad scene', which conveyed her state of mind without ever lapsing into anything questionable in a vocal sense! She has not the intensity of Callas, but her phrasing and timing are so profoundly musical that the impression she makes is hardly less authentic. Seldom since the war has any singer had such a triumph as hers on this occasion.

Two others must be mentioned – Tullio Serafin, who brought all his vast experience to the direction of stage and orchestra; and Franco Zeffirelli, whose sets were at once conventional and imaginative, and whose production excelled in its grouping of the chorus, its quiet preparation of strategic positions, and its lively touches of detail. To give an example: it was a brilliant idea to leave one person behind to dart across the staircase just before Lucia came down to begin her famous scene in the third act. It concentrated one's attention in an extraordinary way. And there were many strokes of this kind.

WILLIAM GLOCK

'Fings Aint Wot They Used T'be', at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.

Miss Joan Littlewood, the director of the Theatre Workshop, is really the most contrary of artists. It is just like her to throw away the goodwill she has built up with *The Hostage* and *A Taste of Honey* – or rather not to throw it away but to throw it in our faces. For I'm sure it's done on purpose. 'Don't imagine,' she seems to be saying with her new harum-scarum, helter-skelter, rag-bag and bob-tail musical, 'Don't imagine that I'm going to be spoiled by success. Don't come down here expecting anything in the way of polish, or shape or finish. None of that West End flummery for me. We chuck the bare raw muck at you. Like it or lump it!'

And for ten minutes we like it. In Mr Frank Norman she has a script writer who knows the Soho argot from the inside, and his pimps and old lags and razor-men and wide boys toss it to-and-fro in a broken-down gambling café, and we pleasurably await the development. We wait in vain. There is no development. Virtually nothing happens, nothing anyhow that is made to matter. The opening gambit is duplicated and reduplicated and re-reduplicated. The band of villains talk, or one of them sings (quite good songs some of them by Lionel Bart); a chorus of teenagers sing and dance in front. And it's all tricked up and pushed along with production gimmicks Miss Littlewood has used a hundred times before. A pity, for there's the makings of something good here – a Threepenny Opera of our day. But it needed making and, instead of helping to make it, Miss Littlewood has chosen to try to conceal its emptiness in her own special brand of packaging. It will hardly deceive anyone.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

THE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL

SIR, – To have a Grammar school head taking such a rigid stand against the Comprehensive school is acutely depressing. Of course, some teachers are, as he says, against the Comprehensive principle, but many are in favour of it. Certainly the National Association of Labour Teachers is in favour. Where are those 'many Labour supporters who are anti-comprehensive'? They were not in evidence at the Labour Party conference when *Learning to Live* was debated.

The old scare of enormous schools – 2,000 always being the figure quoted by Tory speakers – has been proved by experience not to be valid. There are successful Comprehensive schools already established where the numbers are considerably less than in Mr Rée's own school!

No one in the Labour Party has suggested any such rigid pattern of Comprehensive education as outlined by Mr Rée. Local education authorities will be allowed to reorganise in the way best suited to their conditions. I cannot think that the suggestion to 'turn each separate building into a small Comprehensive school' would find favour. The more sensible scheme would be to divide the pupils horizontally into age groups, rather on the Swedish pattern, and use existing secondary schools for the new groups. Age groups of 9-13 and 13 to school-leaving would avoid many of the psychological difficulties of the present break at 11 – as well as removing the burden of the 11-plus examination from the children and from the curriculum of the present Junior schools.

I am glad to see that it is admitted, at least, that a really efficient Comprehensive school can educate pupils – of working-class homes or others – up to university standard. As for forming into groups within school, surely a Grammar school head does not really think that all those youngsters who like to jive do not or cannot appreciate Camus! Society is not divided into intellectuals and non-intellectuals. The dividing lines are along class lines, and these we, as Socialists, shall help to eliminate by our new approach to education.

Our secondary system is built on the wrong foundation. Children do not fall into three clearly defined groups at any stage of their development, and certainly not at 11. The pattern of Secondary Modern education is very uneven throughout the country and too much is left to chance. Every good O-level result in a Secondary Modern school proves that the system itself has failed. If we want to survive by producing large numbers of young people educated to develop and use their abilities, we must re-examine the fundamental basis of secondary education and adopt a flexible and open mind. This the Labour movement is doing and the next Labour government will heed its voice.

RENÉE SHORT

Watford Labour Party
5 Woodford Road
Watford

SIR, – The admirable articles by Mr Rée and Mrs Chetwynd do not really get to grips with each other, nor with the problem of the meaning of a 'Comprehensive system'. Mr Rée rightly starts by expressing anxiety at the measures proposed by the Newcastle and Middlesex education authorities. He does not say, and I am sure that he does not imply, that Woodberry Down School is not a most admirable institution.

Mrs Chetwynd produces evidence that it is one; but the excellence or otherwise of Woodberry Down School would prove nothing.

The essential problem is, what does the Labour Party and its sympathisers mean by a Comprehensive system? They seem to have moved away, at least temporarily, from the notion of 'all secondary schools must be Comprehensive'. Doubtless this is the effect

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on their policy of the Leicestershire experiment.

Would any of their policy makers agree that, real co-operation between existing Grammar schools and Secondary Modern schools, with consultation on syllabus, a recognised overlap of ability and really free interchange of pupils could be termed 'comprehensive'; there is, after all, no reason why it should not be so termed.

The next question which must be asked is, do the policy-makers agree that it would be wrong, in fact disastrous, to impose a change of system where the great majority of teachers concerned are against the proposed changes? And, as a supplementary, do they agree that authorities should always consult teachers when preparing plans for radical changes in the organising of secondary schools?

My final question would be, do the policy-makers consider that it could ever be wise to try to convert existing Grammar or Secondary Modern schools into Comprehensive schools without rebuilding?

The Labour Party has chosen, I think, a wise first priority, to reduce classes in all schools to 30. This means a vast increase in facilities for training teachers, a salary system which will attract teachers, and a building programme in all primary and secondary schools to house the extra classes.

If the Labour Party came to power and doubled the national expenditure on education they would hardly achieve their goal in six or seven years. Do they intend to rebuild all secondary schools as well, or will they search for a really effective use of our buildings and our talents?

F. C. A. CAMMAERTS

Alleyne's Grammar School
Stevenage

SIR,—In his recent article, Mr. Rée states that segregation at 11 plus can only be abolished 'safely' in an 'area where buildings . . . are big enough to house a school of at least 2,000 children, and where there is no kind of Grammar school for which children can compete for entrance'.

In fact, there are at least two areas (both in Wales) where segregation at 11 plus has already been abolished—Anglesey and part of Breconshire. The largest of the five schools involved is a mixed Comprehensive of roughly 1,000 pupils. Is Mr Rée claiming that there is something unsafe about secondary education in these areas?

Moreover, the next local authority to abolish 11 plus selection will probably be Leicestershire. Yet although this fits his description of an area with 'widely dispersed buildings occupied by Modern, Technical and Grammar schools, each with specialist staff and equipment suited to its aims', Mr Rée not only omits to mention its plan but also goes out of his way to deny that selection could be 'safely' abolished in such an area.

JOHN DIXON

29 Belsize Avenue, NW3

Encounter

The March issue, just out, includes

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SHALL WE HELP MR GAITSKELL ?

SIR,—Whatever one may feel about helping Labour in a general election, it is important that the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament should fully exploit the present position in South-West Norfolk. Three completely unrelated factors have produced a unique situation.

1. The constituency is vital to both major parties. South-West Norfolk was the only seat Labour regained from the Tories in the last general election and the majority was less than 200.

2. The Direct Action demonstrations at Swaffham (one of the main towns in the constituency) have resulted in the 'break-through' in the public imagination, for which we have been piously hoping for some time.

3. The tragic death of Mr Dye has led to a by-election at the same time as the 'break-through' and in the same place.

Mr Frank Allaun wrote recently that campaigners 'can achieve their aims in the long run only by political activity'. If Direct Action is to be anything more than a purely personal witness, it must be followed by political action in the situation that has been created.

Acting politically in South-West Norfolk does not mean supporting a local Labour Party which is fully pledged to the defence policy of *The Future Labour Offers You,* and which has remained conspicuously silent throughout the recent campaign. Nor does it mean asking awkward questions at election meetings.

Acting politically means making it clear that we are not going to vote for any candidate who is prepared, in our name, to sanction the production of weapons of mass-murder. And it means using all our resources to persuade other people to do the same.

There is no question, in the South-West Norfolk by-election, of having to choose between Nye Bevan and Selwyn Lloyd. The question is much more simple—do we mean it when we say that nuclear disarmament is the most important moral and political issue of our time? Or do we really think it more important that Labour should hold on to a marginal seat in a by-election?

ALBERT HUNT

18 Coronation Grove
Swaffham, Norfolk

SIR,—The Direct Action Committee's suggestion of a voters' veto is an attempt to answer the important question of how campaigners for nuclear disarmament can use a general election to influence public opinion and national policy. Mr Benn W. Levy gives convincing reasons why this suggestion would, if taken seriously, damage the campaign, but he does not offer his own answer to the quesion, except to say that 'high-pressure lobbying and harrying of candidates at elections can be highly effectual'.

Even if we mind our manners, and refrain from harrying candidates, we can influence them and the public very effectively. The best way to do this is for local groups to address several questions to each candidate in the constituency or constituencies in which the members of the group reside. There will be no difficulty in getting these replies printed in the local paper. Where one of the candidates supports the Campaign, or expresses views that it does not wish to oppose, this may be all that is required. In other cases, replies to the questions from the Campaign viewpoint should be prepared for general distribution.

The executive of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is well aware of the importance of tackling candidates during the election. Three points may not be fully appreciated: (a) although questions may be prepared at national level, the approach to candidates would be best done locally; (b) while short answers to a series of questions would be useful, a fuller statement of each candidate's position should also be obtained; (c) the opportunity should be taken to put the views of the Campaign before the electors, by leaflet distribution and all other means of publicity.

One of the most important activities of the Campaign at all times is to see that MPs are supplied at constituency level with the facts of the situation and with our interpretation of them. It should be our aim to ensure that every constituency in the country has a group in it prepared to do this work. Those of your readers who live in a constituency that has no such group should get in touch with Campaign headquarters at once.

S. W. GREEN

43 Wulfstan Way
Cambridge

ADEN AND THE YEMEN

SIR,—I agree with your comment that notwithstanding the political and economic value of the new constitution for the Aden Protectorate '. . . pan-Arabism is a much stronger influence than attachment to Britain or the Commonwealth'. Indeed, if the new Federation is translated as a permanent act of partition between the Yemen and the Yemenis or Arabs now living in what the Yemen government describes as 'Southern Yemen', and if this appears to be predominantly simply a resolute re-assertion of British imperialism, then it will exacerbate Arab hostility and provide further material for reckless emanations from Cairo Radio.

Apart from the significance of the defection of the Sultan of Lahej (from whose ancestor in 1839 Britain forcibly acquired Aden itself) and the existence of internal Protectorate subversion, is it likely that Yemenis will indefinitely accept territorial severance any more than will Germans? Many Protectorate rulers and sheikhs may consider it expedient or temporarily preferable to remain under British protection, but it would be prudent on the part of our government and consistent with the principles we have implemented in India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon, Malaya, Ghana, the West Indies and shortly in Nigeria if it announced now, and not belatedly later on after upheavals, that if and when rulers, sheikhs and peoples in the Protectorate firmly desire union with their kinsmen then Britain would not resist this.

The Protectorate hinterland has been necessary to the safeguarding of Aden, but I believe it is not impossible to effect the neutralisation of the Protectorate area by mutual agreement, together with the continuation of the port of Aden under British control or sovereignty, providing we genuinely accepted the principle of self-determination for the Protectorate area. Meanwhile it may be salutary to the Yemen government if it appreciates that at least freedom for trade unionism and political activity does exist in Aden colony in striking contrast to the Yemen, where there are no trade unions and there is no political freedom. While pan-Arabism may be a more powerful emotional force than all other considerations, the paradox that even within the remnant of British imperialism such freedoms can exist should not be ignored.

R. W. SORENSEN

House of Commons

THE TRUTH ABOUT MAYAKOVSKY

SIR,—I myself remember well Lenin's reference to Mayakovsky in his address to the metallurgists, at which I happened to be present. It was at the beginning of NEP. At that time Lenin was trying hard to teach the Bolshevists to be efficient managers and merchants. It was then that he coined the phrase that one good non-party specialist was better than a dozen stupid old Bolsheviks. Mercilessly he used to castigate red-tape, bureaucracy and endless committee meetings. Mayakovsky's poem, to which Lenin referred, related to Stepanov-Skvortzov, who was then director of the State Publishing House (Gosizdat).

In his poem (I quote from memory) Mayakovsky described how all his attempts to see Stepanov-Skvortzov were fruitless: whenever he wanted to see him he was informed by his secretary that he was attending a conference. One day at last, in despair, Mayakovsky brushed aside the secretary and pushed his way into the conference room. To his horror he saw half the director's severed body placed in the presidential chair. However, he was presently calmed down: it was explained to him that since the director had to be present at two meetings at one and the same time they had cut him in two and sent one half to the other meeting. All Russia chuckled. This was the poem that Lenin praised so highly. Rumour had it that for weeks on end Stepanov refused to convene any meetings.

Many years after Lenin's death a literary magazine (I think it was *Proletarskaya Revoluzia*) was due to feature an article on Mayakovsky as the great Russian revolutionary poet. On instructions from the central committee the whole edition was stopped and a new edition was printed without the article on Mayakovsky. Mayakovsky, whom I knew well, was terribly upset and shortly afterwards committed suicide, leaving a brief note imploring that there should be no rumours about his death as the 'deceased disliked gossip intensely'. That very morning I had to see A. Rosengoltz (then deputy chairman of the central control commission and Deputy People's Commissar of Inspection, previously a Soviet diplomat in London), whose economic adviser I was. I took with me the morning paper with the news of Mayakovsky's death. Rosengoltz was dumbfounded. When I broached the question of the confiscation of the article in praise of Mayakovsky and its connection with his suicide, Rosengoltz refused to discuss the topic any further, quoting Mayakovsky's request that there should be no rumours after his death as the 'deceased disliked gossip intensely'.

In 1931 I left Russia for good. A few years later Mayakovsky was proclaimed the great poet of the Russian Revolution on Stalin's orders. In 1938 Rosengoltz was liquidated – also on Stalin's orders.

J. LITVIN

42 Chatsworth Road, NW2

PROLE PLAYWRIGHTS

SIR, – So, we 'prole' playwrights must make the most of it must we? We've been given our little say and now the hierarchy is a bit tired and we must finish amusing them is it? Mr Worsley's tone would not be so sinister if it were not for the fact that the same note is being struck in other theatrical quarters. 'We've had enough working-class plays' is the cry of one bright young director and now we so-called working-class writers must return to our proper stations of life. But let's get this straight, what the bloody hell do they think we do? Sit down and say 'it's time for the primitive fashion – let's cash in?' Kopps, Delaney, Behan, myself and others have written out of our own experience. Here we are, having just started, most of us with only one play performed, we are just getting into our stride and beginning to learn about it all, and now some 'fashion conscious' young smoothy comes along and declares with a bored yawn that 'we've really had enough darling!' But out of fifty-odd plays in the West End there is still only *Taste of Honey* running – apart from the work of the Court and Theatre Workshop. We didn't set out to break down class barriers – no need to be frightened – we set out as artists and we haven't half started yet!

Now, listen to me, Mr T. C. W. and Mr G. D. and Mr T. R., I've been writing for twelve years and it's only in the last year that I've been given my chance. I didn't write *Chicken Soup With Barley* simply because I wanted to amuse you with 'working-class types' but because I saw my characters within the compass of a personal vision. I *have* a personal vision you know, and I will not be tolerated as a passing phase. You are going to see my next play soon, and I am going to write many more and you are going to see them as well, *not* because I'm a young '*primitive*' writer out on a leash for a bit of airing but because I'm a *good* writer with a voice of my own!

ARNOLD WESKER

15 Clapton Common, E5

AUSTRALIAN IMMIGRANTS

SIR, – As an Australian I read your account of my country with great interest. I am not sure, however, that your figures on migrant wastage are correct.

You say that a quarter of all migrants return. The figure for the United Kingdom is 6 per cent. I would think it is no higher for the Netherlands, Italy, Greece or Germany.

The Australian practice is to list as permanent departures all people who leave the Commonwealth for more than a year, or who state on their passport application that they intend to remain away for more than a year. This includes the 30,000 Australians who visit Britain annually. I suggest that you arrived at your figure of a quarter by subtracting permanent departures from permanent migrant arrivals (these figures do not include returning Australians) for the past ten years.

EDWIN MORRISBY

22c Palatine Road
Withington

SIR, – Unfortunately the interpretation of the recent amendment of the West Australian Welfare act given by Noel Ryan is not accurate. The amendment only applies to the children of natives who are already or who may acquire citizen rights. This applies to only a minute fraction of our coloured Australians and in no sense can be regarded as a great step forward. There is only one positive step and that is remove the act altogether so that all inhabitants of our country are equal citizens. Until this comes about we cannot claim to be acting in accordance with the United Nations Charter.

H. G. CLEMENTS

49 North Road
Bassendean, W.A.

MEMORIAL TO CHRISTABEL PANKHURST

SIR, – In 1909 the suffragettes with their cry of 'Votes for Women' were the talk of the day. The name of Christabel Pankhurst was on everyone's lips. Few people are alive today who recall her and the militant tactics she originated. But shortly after her death last year a number of her admirers got together to promote a fund to commemorate her work.

The main proposal is to erect an extension to the Memorial to her mother which now stands in the Victoria Tower Gardens adjoining the House of Lords. Already sufficient money has been received to justify putting the work in hand but further contributions are still required to enable adequate recognition to be accorded to this remarkable woman. Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer of the fund, Lady Pethick-Lawrence, 11 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, WC2.

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The Creeping Tragedy of South Africa

This special supplement is contributed by Ronald M. Segal, editor of the journal Africa South

On Sunday, 16 December 1838, a fistful of Voortrekkers met the Zulu army on the border of Natal – rifle against assegai – and broke the power of the most militant and furious of the African tribes in the south. And every year the victory is celebrated as the Day of the Covenant, when God delivered up the enemies of the Afrikaners into their hands and made possible the white control of southern Africa. It is no ordinary anniversary this. It is, as no other, the festival of Afrikanerdom, the Easter of white supremacy.

'Small, weak and alone, the Afrikaner people again stand on the banks of Blood River facing defeat and extinction,' Dr Diedrichs, South Africa's Minister of Economic Affairs, told a Day of the Covenant rally in Vereeniging last December. 'As in 1838, we are surrounded by enemies determined to destroy us, and within the next ten or 20 years our fate will have been decided.'

And the green buses roar along the road from Alexandra to Johannesburg. It is ten miles from the township to the city, but the buses that stab through the ten miles of quick dawn and nightfall between Sunday and Sunday charge only fourpence a passenger, and the shopkeepers and industrialists of Johannesburg mutter and pay the rest. For without the buses, Alexandra could not be brought to the city; and without the Alexandras of Johannesburg, Johannesburg would die.

Yet with supine indifference to truth, the government regards Johannesburg and all the other cities and towns of South Africa and all the land outside the cramped 'Native Reserves' as white. The Bureau of Census and Statistics reported last year that there were 398,500 whites and 576,200 Africans living within the boundaries of Johannesburg, and this makes Johannesburg, by any standard, the largest black city on the continent. Yet legally it is white, only whites may own property and trade within its limits. And its blacks exist as temporary tenants, belonging only to their jobs in the streets and factories and kitchens of the city, their lodgings somewhere in the undergrowth of shanties at the ends of the long roads that run from Johannesburg to disappear down hollows and behind distant hills.

So white Johannesburg comforts itself – its blacks are not there because they cannot be seen – as a frightened child with its hands squeezed tight over its eyes. It is not, after all, the individual African who terrifies – one knows him behind his broom or his machine to be inoffensive enough. It's the mob that makes one feel suddenly unsteady, the jostle near the bus-stops in Main Street at half-past five in the afternoon, the picture of a riot in the evening newspaper. Those long roads are an emotional necessity.

And a moral necessity, too. For £16-odd a month is very little for a family of five to live on – if one has to see them do it, that is. Pot-bellies and rickets and babies dead in corners from enteric dwindle and disappear if the roads separating them from sight are only long enough. A sweet manufacturer will glow at the benevolence of the £3 5s. a week that he pays his 'boys' and stare at you when you tell him that the infantile mortality rate for Africans is officially estimated as 200-300 per 1,000, and that only 50 per cent. of all Africans born in the Union reach the working age of 16. If he accepts the statistics at all and grasps their significance, he will begin shrilly to defend himself by claiming that Natives waste their money on gambling, drink and extravagant clothes. And if, with patience, you are able to persuade him to assist you in working out a budget which would fill five stomachs adequately on what is left of £16 after rent, tax and transport costs have been deducted, he will probably shrug his shoulders, explain to you laboriously that whites cannot judge Natives by inflated white standards of living: then he will retreat behind the self-satisfaction of paying his boys a little more than he is legally required to do and make a note not to invite you to his home for dinner again. He is, after all, no worse than the liberal lady who talks interminably of leaving the country before the Nationalists cover it with concentration camps, and who told me once excitedly that the high infantile mortality rate among Africans is due to the large number of children they have.

Courtesy DRUM]

Using the Baton

How necessary that the roads should be long between Johannesburg and its Alexandras. But how necessary that the roads should be there at all. Between 1947-48 and 1957, the number of whites employed in private manufacturing throughout the country had grown from 129,000 to 202,000 – an increase of 57.7 per cent. The number of Africans so employed, however, leapt from 200,000 to 367,000 in the ten years – a jump of 83.5 per cent. With almost twice as many Africans as whites already engaged in industry and the ratio swelling daily, the sweet manufacturer will easily confess what most white artisans are either too stupid or too frightened to see – that African industrialisation has created a white skilled labour force upon its shoulders, and that factories and shops would put up their shutters together if the flood of Africans to the cities were ever reversed. He keeps secure, our sweet manufacturer, as all the other whites in Johannesburg, by separating in his mind the hands from the body, the black worker from his corporate circumstances and personality. And then occasionally something happens, and the hundreds of thousands of black workers become an articulate community, projecting their resentments, their endurance and their aspirations beneath the protective mental eye-lids of the whites – and the veil of the temple is rent asunder and the agony of South Africa suddenly and starkly revealed.

'*Azikwelwa*!' they shouted. 'We will not ride' '*Asinamali*!—We have no money!' And the green buses roared empty along the road from Alexandra to Johannesburg. The 1957 bus boycott began with the announcement by the bus company that its government subsidy no longer covered its loss and that its fares would be raised from fourpence to fivepence per single trip. At first, the press alleged mass intimidation – this classic white explanation for any show of black unanimity – and prophesied a speedy collapse. But as township after township joined in and Africans walked in sympathy on unaffected routes as far away as Port Elizabeth, till more than 60,000 people on the Witwatersrand alone were walking up to 20 miles a day to work and home again, white South Africa rubbed its eyes and woke for a few short months to the humanity stirring at the end of the long roads.

Articles began to appear in the newspapers analysing the economic conditions of the African industrial worker and concluding that the average African family in the urban areas lived calamitously below the bread-line. From the welter of statistics ignored for years, it reluctantly emerged that the cost of living had far outstripped the occasional wage increases of the post-war industrial boom, and that what had been a gap between average income and essential minimum expenditure of some £3 a month in 1944, had become a gulf of £7 11s. 5d. a month ten years later. The vast majority of African wage-earners were employed in the less skilled grades of the distributive, municipal, building, engineering and motor industries; and the wage-rates in these occupations averaged £11 8s. 11d. a month in 1954. Yet, in the same period, an Institute of Race Relations survey established that an average African family of five required £23 10s. 4d. a month in order to maintain minimum standards of health. With the erratic earnings of wife and working children taken into account, there remained a discrepancy of nearly £8, invariably met by drastic cuts in the amount spent on food. An investigation conducted by the Johannesburg Non-European Affairs Department in 1952 had revealed that 69 per cent. of the families in the city's African townships had combined incomes below the essential minimum, and that 44 per cent. had less than £15 a month. And since then, the Institute reported at the time of the 1957 boycott, the gap between average income and 'the defined minimum of health and decency' had enormously increased.

The case for, at the very least, subsidising the bus company and revising all unskilled African wages seemed unanswerable. And, as the boycott continued unabated and commerce and industry alike began to suffer as a result, appeals to the government to raise the annual subsidy grew in strength. The Nationalists, however, do not believe in settling boycotts, but in breaking them; and soon after parliament convened in January 1957, the Minister of Transport, Mr. Schoeman, swung the baton for the government. 'It is quite clear that this is not so much an economic matter; it is a political movement. . . . There will be no capitulation; the government will not be intimidated. This bus boycott will be broken and law and order will be maintained. . . .'

Nevertheless, by the middle of March it became clear that the attitude of the government, far from frightening the boycotters into surrender, was straightening their backs. Whispers of a 'stay-at-home' issued from the townships and were picked up by the press. Tension rose, the Johannesburg City Council offered to contribute to a special subsidy, and the Chamber of Commerce proposed a voluntary levy on employers. The Bishop of Johannesburg brought the boycott leaders together with organised commerce and industry, a fund was launched to meet the cost of a temporary subsidy, and the buses were restored to the routes at the old rate of fourpence for a single journey. The boycotters had won.

Or had they? The fares are still fourpence, and the additional subsidy is being met out of the Native Services Levy from an additional tax on employers. But the Africans have once again disappeared down the long roads to hide their inescapable squalor in their insulated townships. The press no longer concerns itself with the facts of African poverty. The sweet manufacturer glows again at the generosity of what is, perhaps, £3 7s. 6d. a week now for his boys. And the gulf between average wage and essential expenditure widens inexorably with every month, till existence itself becomes an accomplishment. From 1954, when the Institute of Race Relations did its survey and discovered that the short-fall was £7 11s. 5d. a month, to 1 May 1958, wages in the five principal avenues for unskilled African labour rose an average 8.3 per cent. But between 1954 and March 1958, the Index of Retail Prices went from 195.9 to 217.6, a jump of 11.1 per cent. The ripple caused by the bus boycott has completely disappeared and the surface of white South Africa is as placid and unconcerned as before.

Any description of South Africa's race conflict must begin with an analysis of African land hunger – the first cause of the agony of *apartheid*. In 1913, the first parliament of the Union passed its first Native Land Act, limiting the land Africans could own to the established Reserves, the small pockets already held by Africans in freehold, and such further areas as parliament might consider necessary to meet the 'legitimate' claims of the African population in the future. One should, at the outset, notice the distinctive deception used in naming non-white legislation in the Union. Land Acts take away land, Franchise Acts disenfranchise, Industrial Conciliation Acts harass and divide, the Bantu Education Act substitutes indoctrination for education, and the Suppression of Communism Act suppresses practically everything, and Communism only incidentally. It is, perhaps, white South Africa's one compromise with conscience.

In 1936, the fusion of the two major political parties in parliament under Hertzog and Smuts encouraged a comprehensive 'solution to the Native problem', and the Native Trust and Land Act led to opening up an additional 7¼ million morgen (one morgen is about two acres) to African use. With the Reserves, this made some 17¼ million morgen in all, or just over 12 per cent. of the whole area of the country. Comparison is stark. Today, some 124¼ million morgen are owned and occupied by 700,000 whites, while just over six million Africans are crowded into 17½ million morgen; or, put differently, 85 per cent. of the total rural population owns 12½ per cent. of the land, 15 per cent. of the population owns 87½ per cent. – the total additional land acquired for African use since 1936 constituting a fat one-half per cent.

But this is not the worst of the picture. Only a minute fraction of the land 'allotted' by the Land Acts is privately owned, and such ownership is likely to disappear altogether in the next few years. The bulk is Native Reserve, the ownership of which is vested in the Native Trust. Consisting of some 260 scattered areas of varying size and quality, it is vastly overcrowded and sick with soil erosion. The Africans working it have no security of tenure – they are little more than tenants of the Trust and so, ultimately, of the government, and can be evicted at any time with compensation only for the huts that they themselves may have erected. The traditional size of an arable allotment is five morgen, but as pressure has increased, many allotments have dwindled to much less than this. And since these are sucked dry for the last ounce of sustenance they can give – worked usually by the wives and children of migrant labourers for most of the year – it is only to be expected that the already exhausted land should deteriorate to a point of suffocation.

Since it is, of course, impossible that their shrivelled farms should support so many millions, the Africans survive by exporting their able-bodied males to the white farms and urban areas, subsidising their crops with the cash wage of migratory labour. And should diligence and luck make it somehow unnecessary for many of the men to desert the Reserves, the poll tax levied on all African males between the ages of 18 and 65 was increased by a minimum of 75 per cent. last year to £1 15s. 0d. a year. Thus, what land hunger cannot accomplish, is achieved by the government itself.

Inevitably, the Reserves have become homes for the aged, the infirm, the infant, and the wives. The natural passage for the men is to the towns, where wages and living conditions are at least better than on the farms. But in a country where the aristocrats are the Afrikaner farmers, the government makes every effort to channel African labour into the white rural areas. And there, labour conditions are medieval at best. Two case histories illustrate this starkly.

Mlonge Tembeni was sentenced to nine months imprisonment and a compensatory fine of £20 15s. 6d. for stealing three sheep from his employer. He had a wife and six children – two of whom were babies – yet received a wage of only £1 a month and a four-gallon tin of mealies as his ration. 'Comment on the inadequacy of the apellant's remuneration and rations is superfluous. That they were hungry (the family ate the sheep at the rate of one a week) is a claim fully justified', Judge Jennett said in passing sentence.

Jim Meantsi, aged 54, with a wife and five children, was employed by an English-speaking farmer in the eastern Cape for 25s. a month, plus a ration of 18 pints of mealies and a little salt each week. On the second occasion that he begged the farmer for more food, he was roundly abused and told to clear off, so he drew a knife and stabbed his employer. Sentencing him to death, the judge admitted that his conditions of employment were 'thoroughly shameful'.

Those who read Michael Scott's exposure in 1947 of farm assaults and murders in the eastern Transvaal will remember the name 'Bethal'; will remember, perhaps, the description of African labourers dressed in sacks and clawing out potatoes with their bare hands: work under the hot sun and the sjambok, and nights in stuffy, windowless barns with fierce watchdogs outside to cut off escape. And Bethal, with its surrounding maize, wheat and potato farms, has changed little since it first flared into the news. Regular press reports testify to the perpetual beatings, the assaults sporadically turned to murder, and the increasingly desperate methods employed by the government to recruit labour for this notorious area.

On 9 September 1949, Mr C. R. Swart, Minister of Justice, opened the first private jail for farm labourers in the Bethal belt, and by the end of 1950, seven such jails dotted the district. Staffed, maintained and guarded by the Prisons Department, these house convicts hired out to farmers at two shillings a day. And parallel to this, is the Prison Department's system of hiring out short-term offenders for work on the farms at only 9d. a day. Still the demand for farm labour remains unquenched. And the labour bureaux, run by the government's Department of Bantu Administration and Development, use the machinery of the Pass Laws to squeeze what they can from the urban labour force. But it is never enough. For the average family income in cash and kind on the white farms is £9 a month, according to a survey published this year by the Institute of Race Relations; and £9 a month all told, without the opportunities for augmenting income that exist in the towns, provides little inducement to leave even the Reserves.

The hinge of labour control and consequently of white supremacy in South Africa is the 'pass' – that document which every African over 16 years must carry with him wherever he goes in order to prove that he has received permission from the proper authority to be where he is. From 1797, when they were introduced by proclamation at the time of the first British occupation of the Cape, the Pass Laws have acted, in their various forms, as colossal human sluices, channelling African labour on to the white farms and into the white cities in quantities consistent with the competing needs of employment and security. 'The

[Courtesy DRUM]

Police Charging Factory Workers at Benoni, Transvaal

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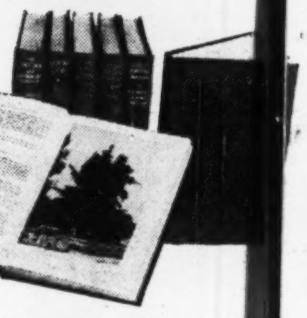

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Native should be allowed to enter urban areas, which are essentially the white man's creation, only when he is willing to enter and minister to the needs of the white man, and should depart therefrom when he ceases so to minister.' Such was the excuse used by the Transvaal Local Government Commission of 1921 to deny urban Africans the municipal franchise, and such is the policy which has all along framed those laws of denial and compulsion making up the body of 'pass' legislation.

Permission to Live

Proclamations prohibit Africans from living anywhere within an urban area outside the segregated townships, villages and hostels – though exemptions may, of course, be granted to special groups, such as domestic servants living on the premises of their employers. Where Africans are permitted to build their own houses, they lease the plots, generally on a monthly tenancy, from the local authority. And residents are subjected to the most stringent regulations, being prohibited to have visitors or lodgers – the latter group including sons over the age of 18 – without the permission of the superintendent concerned and the payment of special fees. In areas enforcing a curfew, Africans may not be in the streets outside their segregated sectors during specified hours – usually from 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. – without a 'night pass' signed by their employers or an appropriate official. Most importantly, no African may remain in an urban area longer than 72 hours, unless he possesses a service contract as evidence of employment or a special seven-day permit to look for work. The only Africans exempt from this restriction are those born and permanently resident in a particular urban area; or those who have worked continuously there for one employer for a minimum period of ten years; or those who have remained there continuously for a minimum of 15 years without having once been convicted of an offence involving imprisonment for more than seven days without the option of a fine, or with the option of a fine for a period exceeding one month. Any African who remains unlawfully in any area – the onus to show that he is there lawfully resting on himself – is liable on first conviction to a maximum penalty of £10, two months' imprisonment, and banished to his permanent or last place of residence. The 'pass' is accordingly much more than a written permit to come and go. It is an identity card carrying permission to stay, live and work, a sort of safe-conduct in occupied territory.

The Nationalist government began tightening up pass legislation soon after its accession to power. By an amendment to the Natives (Urban Areas) Act, the government required an African to get permission from the labour bureau in his area, as well as from the municipality, before seeking or accepting a job. Apart from making it considerably more difficult for families to join their husbands and fathers in the urban areas, the new law has also placed African labour at the mercy of the labour bureau officials, since anyone regarded as a 'trouble-maker' may be sent to the silence of a farm compound as soon as he loses his employment. The number of Africans in the urban areas has nevertheless continued steadily to increase.

Then in 1952 Dr Verwoerd, as Minister of Native Affairs, pushed through parliament the Natives (Abolition of Passes and Co-ordination of Documents) Act. Apart from packing all the papers previously required singly into a new compact pass, now politely called a 'reference book', the new law extended the provisions of pass legislation to African women. The fury with which the women greeted this exploded in the Zeerust and Sekhukhuneland uprisings and the recent street demonstrations in Johannesburg, and though some million and a half have been battered during the last eight years into accepting the master pass, the hostility remains unabated. Government policy is aimed at clearing the urban areas of all 'unnecessary' women, those not essential to domestic service or industry who have slipped through administrative barriers to join their husbands or help support their families. Passes provide the most effective means of checking the black female urban population and screening the useful from the merely human. And the additional cost in police and departmental personnel is more than met by fines and the gratitude of the rural white electorate for cheap prison labour.

It is a grim picture overall. Industry and commerce are kept clumsily fat on cheap black labour, because the wages they pay, though not enough to provide a human standard of living, are better than those offered on the white farms; and the farms are kept more or less satisfied, because anything is better than starving with one's family in the stark, overcrowded Reserves, and because the prisons provide what poverty cannot. The sluice-gates of service contract and labour bureaux permit entry to the essential worker alone, leaving his family to survive as best it can on the wages he is able to send back to the Native Reserves.

Once allowed into an urban area, the African has no settled existence; he is safe only for so long as he is capable of remaining an unprotesting, 'bachelor' migrant labourer. Should he fall foul of the law, in any of its myriad particulars, the best he can hope for is banishment to the farms where, in the words of Dr Verwoed to parliament in April 1950, 'conditions are totally different from those in the cities. On the farms there is no question of equality. The relationship of master and servant is maintained on the farms, and there is no danger that conditions will develop as in the cities, where they are working with Europeans on an equal footing – which gives rise to all kinds of undesirable conditions'. The number of Africans convicted under Pass and allied laws rose from 217,387 in 1950 to 337,603 in 1955. With an adult male African population of some three million, and statistics for normal criminal convictions like theft and violence excluded, the figures make frightening reading. It is not surprising that one person in ten (not excepting women and children) is found guilty of a crime every year in the Union of South Africa. With prosecutions of women under the Pass Laws only now getting into their stride, the proportion may be expected to bound upwards in the next few years.

No Collective Bargaining

Hand-in-hand with pass legislation goes the country's industrial code. White workers, of course, are free to organise trade unions, engage in collective bargaining, sell their labour without restriction, and resort to strikes to pressure their employers. African workers may not engage in collective bargaining, their trade unions are denied legal recognition, and all strikes are prohibited under heavy penalties. When disputes arise with employers, the workers are represented by government officials and have no choice but to accept the results of negotiations in which they have played absolutely no part. Their trade unions are ignored only for so long as they remain quiescent. As soon as they show signs of real activity, their organisers are banned or imprisoned for 'incitement to strike'. Since some key-hole must be found through which employers may spy on the trouble-makers behind any labour agitation on their premises, workers are permitted to set up works committees if they wish. But the example of the works committee at the Amato textile mill in Benoni last year – when representations for higher wages were ignored and the anger of the African labourers boiled over into a strike – must make many workers prepared to join such committees freeze in their tracks. The Amato strike, of course, was broken by the police in a few baton-charges. Seventy workers were hurt, more than 40 of them seriously, and of the nearly 400 dismissed, for rebelling against a wage scale that starts at 25s. a week and ends at 60s., nearly all have been black-listed by the local labour bureau and ordered out of Benoni to starve in the Reserves or find work on one of the farms. Among these were all 13 members of the Amato works committee.

Fines for Striking

The maximum penalty for strike action by African workers is six months' imprisonment or a fine of £50, and the dividing line between a strike and a dispute is so blurred in law that even a protest during working hours may lead to summary arrest for stopping work. No wonder, then, that African workers grit their teeth over the resentment welling up inside them, rebelling only when conditions become utterly unendurable; no wonder that, where white wages jumped from an average £37 a month in 1947 to £68 in 1957, African wages during the same period crept from £9 a month to £13. There were 33 illegal strikes in 1954 and 73 in 1955. Yet in only 15 cases – during a period of industrial boom – did the Africans gain higher wages or better working conditions from their employers.

The mines, of course, demand a study on their own. With 300,000 Africans and 30,000 whites employed, the whites alone are organised, most of them (some 17,000) in the Mineworkers' Union. The inter-territorial and migratory character of the African mine-workers would make labour organisation difficult enough. For, since the average African cash wage for an eight-hour shift is about 3s. 3d., the mines are having to go farther and farther afield for their labour. The Portuguese government is, as is well known, shrewdly co-operative, assisting in the recruitment of tens of thousands of migrant labourers from Angola and Mozambique each year. And the British government has developed the High Commission Territories so well that 18 per cent. of the entire labour force employed on the gold mines comes from Basutoland alone, or exactly half of the percentage provided by the Union. Yet the character of the labour force is only one of the obstacles placed in the way of union organisation. Mining property is regarded as legally private, and the management permits no one into the compounds unless he is himself a mine-worker or a thoroughly vetted guest. With outside organisers unable to penetrate, those inside are sedulously watched for signs of dissatisfaction or any organisational activity, and anyone regarded as an agitator receives brisk treatment.

In 1946, however, African resentment burst through the barbed-wire of scrutiny and coercion, and some 75,000 mine-workers came out on strike. Several thousand deserted their compounds and marched to Johannesburg in order to demand their passes and return home. The mine-owners rubbed their eyes in disbelief, and the government ordered out the police to bludgeon – and, if necessary, shoot – the strikers back to the mines. Thirteen men were killed, and hundreds admitted to hospital. Then workers at different mines all over the Reef refused to go down the shafts, demanding the 'extortionate' wage of 10s. per eight-hour shift. Forced down, they sat in the tunnels underground and refused to come up, until the police drove them to the surface 'stope by stope and level by level' (*Rand Daily Mail*). The strike was broken. All known supporters of the illegal African Mineworkers' Union that existed at the time were discharged, and the mine-owners, somewhat shaken, drew the curtains with a quick swish around their silent empire.

When next a statue is raised in England to the memory of Smuts, it is to be hoped that someone will bring to the attention of the British public that it was a United Party government, under Smuts as Prime Minister, that broke so brutally the back of the 1946 strike, exhibiting that bipartisanship in the politics of white supremacy that marries the spirits of General Smuts and Dr Verwoerd. Perhaps, too, when next Mr Harry Oppenheimer talks in London of his reputation for liberalism, a member of his audience will remind him that conditions on the mines are substantially the same as they were in 1946, though the vigilance is considerably more vigorous.

The whole misshapen body of South Africa's industrial legislation is much more the creation of the United Party governments – backed by the English-speaking industrialists, mine-owners and white workers – than it is of the Nationalists. The peculiar contribution of the Nationalist government has been the persecution of the coloured worker through various amendments to the Industrial Conciliation Act. Until 1956, coloured workers were free to organise themselves, form legally recognised trade unions in company with whites, engage in collective bargaining, and sell their labour where they pleased – though convention limited their fields of employment, especially outside the Cape. Then, during its 1956 session, parliament amended the Industrial Conciliation Act to impose *apartheid* upon the registered trade unions. Unions were compelled to separate their members into white and coloured branches, and only whites were made eligible for election to the executive committees, whether the unions had, in fact, white majorities or not.

A further amendment then made it illegal for any trade union to affiliate – or give any financial aid – to any political party. Ostensibly aimed at bleaching the trade union movement and making impossible a labour-subsidised political organisation, the amendments have accomplished what was ultimately intended, the complete shattering of trade union power in the country. Already split into five separate federations by the conflicts of the colour bar, the movement has been reduced to utter helplessness by its political castration and compulsory division. Stripped of any executive authority, the coloured unionists have lost control over any real organisational decision. And isolated, in many cases from the bulk of the workers in their particular occupation, the white unionists will find it increasingly difficult to take effective action against intransigent employers. It is the Fascism of *apartheid* unmasked.

A final amendment to the Industrial Conciliation Act in 1956, entitled 'Safeguard against interracial Competition', created job reservation, or the limiting of a particular occupation to the members of a special racial group. And in October 1957, Senator Jan de Klerk, Minister of Labour, declared the clothing industry's main categories of employment reserved for whites.

A MOST URGENT APPEAL

The agony of the accused in the **South African Treason Trial,** and of all those dependent on them, drags on. Last August their acquittal seemed inevitable. So what did the prosecution do? It withdrew the indictment—and let it be known that a new indictment would be drafted and the whole torment started all over again. The trial of 30 of the accused on the old charge of high treason began again on January 19th; the remaining 61 are to wait for their ordeal till an unspecified date some time in April. That such cat-and-mouse misery could be inflicted by a civilised government in the twentieth century seems incredible; but, alas, there is all too much evidence in Southern Africa today of the inhumanity to which those who believe in *Apartheid* can be driven.

We have received a most urgent appeal for money from South Africa—for a sum of money far in excess of what we have so far been able to send. It would be dreadful if these unhappy people should not continue to be adequately defended; and we simply must have large sums in hand for the support of their families and—if that should ever be possible—for their eventual rehabilitation. This is a debt that white humanity owes to black humanity; and what should we feel like if we refused to pay that debt?

The reader has almost certainly contributed already. We now want him to contribute again, and more than before—just because the thing has been going on for two years, and has now, incredibly, started all over again. The prosecution in South Africa is tenaciously persisting in its inhumanity; let us persist as tenaciously in our humanity.

On behalf of all the sponsors, we urge you to send your maximum contribution (payable to Christian Action, please) for the fund established by Christian Action to provide legal aid and defence for victims of unjust racial laws in Southern Africa, to support their families and dependants, and to help to keep the conscience of the world alive to the issues at stake, to **The Treasurer, Defence and Aid Fund, 2 Amen Court, London, E.C.4.**

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He has since ordered investigations into a bewildering variety of different occupations with the object of reserving them by race – the Transvaal and Free State building trade, liftmen's jobs in Johannesburg, Pretoria and Bloemfontein, jam and food processing, and the manufacture of electric stoves and refrigerators, water heaters and metal kitchen furniture. But it is his attack on the multi-racial clothing industry – involving the dismissal and replacement of 35,000 non-whites – that has frightened the coloured people especially.

Some 1,300,000 strong, or approximately nine per cent. of the total population, the coloureds – descended from East Indian slaves, the Hottentots and illicit crossings of the colour line – have regarded themselves, and been regarded by the various governments of the Union in turn, as the poor relations of the whites. Excluded from the living room of the pure-bred, they were relegated to the kitchen while being strenuously persuaded that their security lay in staying under the same roof. 1956, however, saw them flung outside to join the Africans in the street. Their expulsion from the common voter's roll – with its contemptible sop of four white representatives in parliament – was sufficient disillusionment. Job reservation threatened the very basis of their economic security.

Cushioned by the African unskilled worker, the coloureds enjoyed an economic as well as a political half-way status between black and white. And, as with most other half-way peoples, they allied themselves with the higher lest they be stripped of their half-way privileges amongst the lower. Employed for the most part as skilled workers in the urban areas at substantially higher wages than the blacks, they were pushed by job reservation into the economic abyss in which they had for so long watched, with supine carelessness, the African struggle. The bridge was being blown up from under them.

Two laws are doing perhaps more than any other to forge the united non-white front of suffering – the Group Areas and Population Registration Acts. Act No. 30 of 1950 established a population register in which the race of every human being in South Africa was to be entered and fixed for as long as the insanity of Nationalist rule lasted. For some six years, the Ministry of the Interior busied itself with establishing headquarters and accumulating files, and then suddenly burst out with a crop of investigations. Coloureds who had 'played white' almost all their lives came under cold-eyed scrutiny and found themselves condemned by their birth certificates or the gossip of their neighbours to carry the identity cards of inferior citizenship. There can be no record of the families broken up, the jobs and homes lost, the lives irreparably blasted. The horror was casually dismissed by Dr Dönges, till recently the Minister of the Interior, with the pronouncement made in February 1957: 'To many, a certainty has been given that they had never had before'.

But dwarfing the effect on individuals has been the effect of the Act on the coloured people as a whole. For the most important barrier of privilege between coloured and African has been destroyed; the coloured, too, is having to carry a pass. True it is not the pass of the African, compacted of service contracts, curfew permits, tax receipts – at least for the moment. But it is a brand of inferiority, unalterably permanent, that the coloured must carry with him wherever he goes. The new pass serves notice upon coloureds, Africans and Indians alike, of the unbridgeable gulf that will exist between ruler and ruled. white and non-white, for as long as white supremacy lasts. And lest any doubt remain over what the Nationalists consider supremacy to mean, the Minister of Transport, Mr Ben Schoeman, defined the doctrine beyond illusion at an election meeting last year. 'Supremacy,' he said, 'means that you have the political power in your hands and that you can be overthrown only by a revolution.'

The Group Areas Act of 1950 is aimed first at reducing the whole non-white population to the status of a cheap, rightless, regimented proletariat; and then at splitting up the resultant helot front into manageable political pieces. It provides for the compulsory establishment of separate residential and commercial areas for the separate races and the separate sub-divisions of the non-white races in South Africa, creating a patchwork quilt of ghettoes that will suffocate the emergent non-white middle-class and Balkanise the workers beyond any effective unity of opposition. Its effect, however, has been quite the opposite of its objective so far, crushing together the Indians, coloureds and Africans into a desperate sympathy of loss, confusion and antagonism.

[Courtesy DRUM]

Checking Passes

The zoning declarations so far made, together with those proposals by co-operative municipalities likely to be accepted by the government, promise the uprooting of hundreds of thousands of people and their utter economic ruin. The whole Indian merchant class, the only substantial non-white bourgeoisie, will be throttled by isolation, for it exists by trade with the other racial groups, and the zoning proclamations disestablish complete Indian communities from their homes and places of business in white, coloured, and African areas, to dump them on undeveloped land distant from the primary lanes of commerce. With the central area as yet unzoned, the city of Durban, where the monied bulk of the Indian population lives, is to undergo a racial resettlement that will cost some £20 million and displace more than 165,000 people. It has been estimated that 1,000 whites, 9,500 coloureds (or more than half the coloured population of the city), and 75,000 Indians will be moved to new areas, apart from 81,000 Africans shifted under other regulations. How a trading community denied the facilities of trade is supposed to survive, no government spokesman has so far been able to suggest.

When it is recalled that some 400,000 Indians in the country will be the victims of the Act, some measure of the anguish that racial zoning is causing, and will increasingly cause as it gets into its stride, becomes apparent. However, in the long term, its effect will be quite different from what the government expects. Conservative Indian opinion is disintegrating rapidly, and a real fury of radicalism has flared up within the very fortress of the merchant class, the propertied Indians of Natal. African-Indian co-operation on an articulate political level has increased considerably since 1950, adding to the non-white liberatory movement the necessary sophistication of experience and leadership, the disciplines of non-violent struggle, and a dedication to internationalism and democracy. It is a powerful alliance, the full force of which has as yet remained untested.

The coloureds have lived in the cities of the Cape for as long as the whites, and the inevitable racial and residential blurring has taken place in the urban working-class areas. Now, under the Group Areas Act, churches, mosques, schools, shops and innumerable homes will have to be abandoned and whole communities moved from areas they have occupied for centuries. But dwarfing even the tremendous financial losses involved – and they are so great that the implementation of the Act in the Cape Peninsula will take years of protracted resettlement if the economy of the area is to survive at all – is the final slap in the face that the Act represents. Where job reservation is eroding the status of the coloured worker, and the Population Registration Act freezes all coloureds in a position of political inferiority, racial zoning will inflict economic devastation on the most conservative and unawakened section of the population – the coloured petty bourgeoisie. Tailors, small shop keepers, teachers, clerks, a sprinkling of professionals, this class is suddenly finding itself abandoned to an oppression from which its members cannot insulate themselves. Their profound feeling of betrayal and swelling resentment can only lead them down the road of political action that they have always shunned, and into alliance with Africans and Indians.

Despite everything, however, the years continue to erode the demographic basis of white supremacy. Of some 8.5 million Africans in the Union at the time of the 1951 census, some 3.6 million were in the Reserves, 2.6 on the European farms, and 2.3 in the urban areas. Roughly therefore, some eight years ago, there were two Africans for every European within those areas considered white in law, and many more Africans than Europeans in the cities and towns. Though several hundred thousand of these were migratory labourers, returning to the Reserves regularly to join their families and homes for a little while, it was estimated that 1.5 million had become permanent town dwellers, stripped of any real connection with the areas from which they had once come. And though the public policy of the Nationalist Party ever since 1948, when it first won single-handed power at the polls, has been *apartheid*, the flood of Africans into the white areas has continued unabated. From 1951 to 1958, the white population of Johannesburg increased by 39,000 to 398,000—some nine per cent. But in the same period, the city's African population increased from 465,000 to 576,000, or nearly 24 per cent. In fact, 40 per cent. of the total increase in the country's African population between 1951 and 1958 took place in urban areas. And whole

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towns with African majorities – like Welkom on the Free State goldfields with its 25,000 whites and 54,000 Africans – have actually come into being under Nationalist administration.

In 1950, the government appointed a commission under the chairmanship of Professor F. R. Tomlinson to investigate the development needs of the Reserves as part of a programme of territorial race separation. The report appeared in March 1959, created a quick stir, and was immediately assassinated by the government itself. One can appreciate the embarrassment of the Nationalist Party. For the Tomlinson report predicted that by the year 2000 – unless the most drastic steps were immediately taken – there would be some 17 million Africans and between 4.5 and six million whites in the white areas of the country alone. The report, of course, had drastic steps to propose. A minimum of £104 million was to be spent on immediate action during the next ten years. The commission then believed that the African Reserves would be able to support a population of just under 15 million people by the year 2000; and two distinct areas, one African and one white, would be finally feasible.

In a White Paper, the government briskly rejected the commission's plea for the substitution of tribal land ownership in the Reserves by individual tenure. It rejected the use of private white capital in the industrial development of the Reserves, as this would create a politically conscious proletariat there and cut the white farms off from their constant cheap labour supply. And of the £104 million it was begged to spend urgently during the next ten years, it voted £3,500,000 for the first year and did not spend even that.

If *apartheid* is not a policy of partition, if – as seems clear from its treatment of the Tomlinson report – the government has no intention of alienating its electorate and ravaging the economy by reversing the tide of African labour to the factories and the farms, to what end is the political programme of Afrikanerdom directed? There must be few thinking Nationalists who believe any longer that white supremacy can be perpetual. The new teen-age voters, in between riding their motor-bikes or other people's cars and their visit to the cinema, probably follow in the footsteps of their parents and give the problem no thought at all. They have grown up in a 'Kaffir-kicking' society, and they expect to be kicking the Kaffirs around for as long as they live. Their trust in the *volksleier* (leader of the people) is unquestioned – he will see to it that their privileges are somehow preserved – and their political thinking begins and ends with the regular elections.

The more thoughtful Afrikaners stretch from the moral acrobats of the university-cultivated South African Bureau of Racial Affairs to the muscle-bound back-benchers of the Nationalist Party. The small minority of university intellectuals and clergymen who believe in racial partition wander in the wilderness of political eccentricity, cut off from any real communication with their people. Knowing that their ideas are discarded by their party, they continue their allegiance to ideas and party together. For they are too moral to surrender their principles to a policy of stripped white supremacy and too emotionally committed to the mystique of Afrikanerdom to desert its political form.

By far the bulk of thoughtful Afrikanerdom, however, discarded moral compromise together with sacrifice from the very moment that the two seemed clearly inseparable. Dedicated to the perpetuation of white supremacy, they are dedicated to its constant companion, force. They are aware – as anyone with moderate intelligence must be – that Africa is lapping at their ankles, and that defeat is really only a matter of time. But they plan to keep what they have for as long as they are physically able, crossing the bridge of their inevitable surrender when they come to it.

The Laws of Fear and Force

The list of laws engendered by fear and dependent upon force that litter the statute book stretches from the opening session of the Union parliament to this year's new Act. The two most important and ferocious are the Suppression of Communism Act of June 1950, and the Criminal Law Amendment Act of February 1953. Together, they have effectively destroyed all legal activity by political or industrial organisations not dedicated to white supremacy. They have served notice on the country that only the most superficial opposition to the Nationalist Party will be tolerated, and that any real political action must take place outside the law.

It is easy enough to say that a society so dependent upon fear and upon force cannot long survive. It is not so easy to see how and when change will occur. Constitutional passage-ways have been bricked up, one after the other. Those Africans in the Cape whose right to vote was entrenched by the Act of Union were thrown off the common roll by a two-thirds majority of parliament in 1936; and the coloureds were robbed of their similarly entrenched voting rights in 1955, with the assistance of a Nationalist-packed Senate. Now the government has announced that the three whites representing Africans in the House of Assembly, together with the four whites representing Africans in the Senate, will be dismissed by 1960. And the four whites now representing the coloureds in the Assembly will survive only for as long as the government keeps moderate patience with them.

The all-white electorate committed itself to intransigence in April last year by voting for the Nationalists in greater numbers than ever before, giving them a popular – as opposed to a constituency – victory for the first time. And so the United Party has to bear the burden of opposition in an Assembly dominated almost two to one by the racial fanatics of the Nationalist Party, and in a Senate where there are seven Nationalists for every opposition member. Were the burden born conscientiously, however, there might be a thin trickle of hope that the whites could be persuaded to sanity before being driven to it. But, far from offering any alternative, the party of Smuts strains itself to exhibit unequivocal allegiance to all the dogmas of white supremacy. Its voting record in opposition is ignominious, its support extending to approval of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, the Public Safety Act (which gives the Cabinet authority to govern without parliament at a time of emergency) and the Separate Amenities Act (which established the principle in law that facilities did not need to be equal in order to be racially separate). As the party of British capital, of the mining and big industrial interests, it is doubtless as loth to permit non-racial democracy in South Africa as the Nationalists. Terrified of a black proletariat equipped with political power, but conscious of the techniques of equivocation, it surrenders itself to such slogans as 'Discrimination with Justice', hoping somehow or other to keep its right and liberal wings together.

Yet all the while it pants to keep up with a government moving steadily to the right, resting its faith in an electoral decision unrelated to race. Since the Nationalists are buttering the bread of the white working class on both sides of the slice, however, and are intelligent enough to continue to do so, those who put their faith in the Second Coming as the only possible resolution of the South African dilemma are probably a great deal more realistic. Anyway, the constituencies have been so mutilated during the past ten years that it is doubtful whether anything but an electoral tidal wave would dislodge the Nationalists.

The Liberal Party has one foot inside parliament and one out. It undoubtedly has members realistic enough to recognise the sterility of constitutional action, but its main activity continues to be embarrassingly electoral. Where it cooperates with the non-white political movements, however, as in Durban, assisting in campaigns of protest and propaganda, it plays a significant role by bringing closer together the white intelli-

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gentsia, from which it draws its primary support, and the non-white political leadership. Fundamentally, of course, its accomplishment is going to depend upon the degree to which it is prepared to co-operate with Congress in undertaking extra-parliamentary action. With the support of hardly one per cent. of the whites, its electoral activity is almost pointless.

The only potent opposition to the government and the intransigence of white South Africa is provided by the Congress movement – the African National Congress (ANC), South African Indian Congress (SAIC), South African Coloured People's Organisation (SACPO), White Congress of Democrats (COD), and the South African Congress of Trade Unions (SACTU). Of the five organisations, the ANC is, of course, the most substantial, commanding as it does a mass allegiance denied at the moment to any of its partners. But on the leadership level, a considerable degree of co-ordination exists, and much of the policy pursued by the ANC bears the imprint of ideas type-set by the other components of Congress.

The Black Proletariat

Although a truly mass movement, mirroring in its leadership the political gamut of its rank-and-file, the ANC is the especial organ of the large black proletariat and has an active and influential left wing. Those liberals who yearn for a resistance movement stripped of precise and disconcerting economic objectives are unconscious of the degree to which the African in the Union has suffered an economic exploitation and slanted his struggle accordingly. As was inevitable, industrialisation in South Africa created an African left at the same time as it created an African proletariat.

Nevertheless to say that a left vigorously exists within the Congress movement is not to say that it is an organically committed one. Those Africans who were members of the Communist Party before it went into voluntary liquidation at the time of the Suppression Act, together with those whites in COD who have stayed loyal to the party line, exert a slight, if occasionally pungent, influence upon the urban leadership. But most of the new African leaders accept the terms of economic action without swallowing the dogmas of any particular creed, co-operating with Communists because white unanimity makes community of opposition inevitable.

Until Dr Verwoerd himself lent a hand, the peasantry was politically apathetic, and where the ANC functioned at all in the tribal areas, it did so with very little success and in the face of a despair born of ignorance and degradation. But by attacking the chieftainship through the Bantu Authorities Act, Dr Verwoerd carried detribalisation into the most backward areas, leaving in his wake shattered traditions and bursting jails. Deposing chiefs and banishing elders who refused to co-operate in forcing passes on women – and appointing stooges without skill or support in their place – he struck at the very root of that tribal law he is dedicated to nourish.

Zeerust and Sekhukhuneland have already exploded, and both areas are still in the process of 'pacification'. But despite the use of large-scale terror and mass arrests on riot, arson and murder charges, neither place has fully succumbed and there are signs that other areas will rebel. The ANC had little support in either Zeerust or Sekhukhuneland before the rioting began, but their allegiance rocketed during the disturbances and continues despite the banning of the organisation in both places.

Revolutions, however, are easier talked of than made, and in South Africa special obstacles to a successful rebellion manifestly exist. The non-whites have only a criminal access to firearms, and the police force and army are white and safe from subversion. And while a palace revolution is out of the question, so is anything like an uprising. The very size of the white minority – three out of 14 million – would make a street rebellion suicidal. White South Africa has a tradition of violence that would massacre a mob. A campaign of terror would undoubtedly make government difficult, but unco-ordinated African violence would only lead to administration by martial law.

Partly because it recognises this, the Congress movement has repeatedly denounced violence as a technique of political action and dedicated itself to passive resistance. And it is the more able to do this because white South Africa is constantly and helplessly playing into its hands. As the country speeds ahead with industrialisation, so the white urban population grows, ever-increasingly dependent upon the peaceful participation of non-white labour in the economy. Just under 80 per cent. of white South Africans live in urban areas, and of these only 40 per cent. are manual wage-earners. In addition, out of every 100 of these workers, 82 are skilled, 15 are semi-skilled, and only three unskilled labourers. White South Africa, in fact, wears a white collar round its neck that only a docile labour force keeps from strangling it. Organised industrial action by the non-white working class, engaged as it is in nearly all the essential services and increasingly filling skilled and semi-skilled occupations in pivotal areas of industry, would in a remarkably short space of time strip the economic balloon of its bladder.

This is not to suggest that a single general strike – or a crippling series of sudden 'stay-at-homes' – will accomplish a revolution without the presence of other factors. But economic chaos joined to rural unrest and outbursts of unco-ordinated terror cannot but lead to a swift degeneration of morale without which white solidarity is purely superficial. The rate of criminal violence within the white urban population itself is already causing alarm to the government – the detribalised Afrikaner seems to spend much of his time in ways of which the Dutch Reformed Church can hardly be expected to approve. One need not have spent very long in Johannesburg during the 1957 bus boycott to sense the degree to which the nerves of white South Africa are already beginning to wear thin. Undoubtedly, the government will react to any serious threat by plunging into a wild orgy of violence. But violence succeeds only in stimulating violence, till government itself bursts under the pressure.

Of course, Congress itself is singularly unprepared at the moment for any sort of showdown. Living in a neon-world of semi-legality, its leadership organises conferences and 'stay-at-homes' as if keeping the government informed about its intentions was a rule in the revolutionary game. To the observer, it seems totally unable to recover rapidly from the outlawing of its activities. But if the government runs true to form, it will prepare the Congress movement for its responsibilities by driving it underground. Revolution is certainly not round the corner. But even with the pressures of awakening Africa and the changing Cold War politics of the West left out of account, it cannot conceivably be very far away. No doubt the government itself will do more to hasten its approach than anything else.

RONALD M. SEGAL

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Imperial Dream

In Disraeli's eighteen-seventies the word Imperialism was an exotic of doubtful character: it still went in quotation marks in the serious monthlies. Like the italicised *prestige,* it was a relic of the Second Empire, recalling the brief triumphs of that tin-laurelled Caesar, Napoleon III. 'Imperialism, or, indeed, any worse form of despotism', notes the Shorter Oxford Dictionary as an instance of what the term meant in 1869. Professor Thornton's book* aims to show how this much-abused word lost its mere harlot's status and became the grand courtesan of the British upper and middle classes during the last two decades of the nineteenth century, suffered a dreadful reverse at its end, carried on well enough until 1918, hiding secret fears beneath a brave face, and then, like Becky Sharp at Bath, went into highly respectable retirement. Since 1939, as we all know, the lady has been steadily sinking in health, while still trying to find religion.

The result of this investigation is a most original and effective piece of historical writing. British imperialism is a large subject, covering anything from details of naval construction to the projection of the imperial image upon the novel, whether as an indictment (Trollope's *The Way We Live Now*), or as propaganda (the novels of G. A. Henty which, as Professor Thornton notes, were not only read with enthusiasm by the young but gobbled up by immature sahibs all over the Empire). The professor is at home with it all. He is not only acute and richly informative, but he has a nice flinty style of his own, a blend of Brogan and Taylor, with an eye for the acid but fertile generalisation, *e.g.,* 'They [the Radical "Colonial Reformers"] have been elected to fill the position of that "creative minority" that is assumed to lurk in every generation'. He is trenchant but fair-minded and, as his title implies, he is as much concerned with the critics of imperialism as with its abettors. His *tendre* for Lord Milner never leads him into undervaluing Labouchere, of whom he writes perceptively that 'his philippics against every form of extravagance, fiscal or mental, are remarkable for their cogency and prescience,' though he 'was never able to scotch the conviction on both Front Benches that he was a "character" and too clever by half . . .'.

But where, above all, Mr Thornton excels is in exposing the huge tragi-comedy of imperialism, the way in which the proconsular dreams, the sublime blueprints of territorial power and grandeur become so shrunken and attenuated once they are imposed upon the hard grid of imperial necessity – manpower, *matériel,* events, or, even more, that stubborn anti-imperialist streak in the English nature that found (and still finds) its outlet in our Parliamentary system. Here again, he is fair both to the proconsuls and to what Lord Salisbury exasperatedly called 'the great oracle' ('when the great oracle speaks, we are never quite certain what the great oracle said'). For example, he is strangely sane upon the subject of 'secret diplomacy' – a phrase that still sends blood to the head of most history professors – pointing out that there is a great difference between the secretiveness that springs from guile (*e.g.,* Balfour instructing his Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs not to answer supplementaries in the House on the ground that they made it impossible to carry on delicate negotiations in which 'an Empire of this magnitude' is involved) and the secretiveness that, in face of Irish obstruction and arrears of business, arises from 'a natural wish to ensure that one vital branch of the national business was organised so as to operate with maximum efficiency.'

Mr Thornton begins with the Don Pacifico incident of 1850 – an excellent starting-point, since in this great debate on first principles all subsequent arguments and attitudes about imperialism can be found in embryo. On one side were Palmerston and Roebuck, taking their stand on St Paul's proud boast of imperial citizenship, and demanding to show the flag and assert England's ideas, influence and anger abroad. On the other stood Peel, declaring, a week before he died, 'You are departing from the established policy of England; you are involving yourselves in difficulties the extent of which you can hardly conceive'; Gladstone, urging, as he did ever afterwards, except when office prevented him, the elevating principles of non-intervention; Cobden, the textile Radical, stressing the dangers and the waste of forward policies. And, in the wings, Disraeli, concentrating, 'now as later . . . on what seemed to him the essential thing. It was one thing to strike attitudes, another to be ready to take action and to be confident of taking it successfully. For success the essential thing was power.'

Though he has a weakness for Balfour as a political metaphysician, the hero and central figure of Mr Thornton's book is really Disraeli, for in him three of the four main strands of imperial thinking were most deeply interwoven. At a surface level, there was the Oriental argument from glamour – an argument that appealed to very few people, except his royal mistress and Disraeli himself. At a deeper level, there was the argument from 'the Condition of England' question. This was a subject Disraeli understood as well and as sympathetically as any creative statesman of the nineteenth century – certainly better than any imperialist, with the possible exception of Rosebery. Finally, there was the argument from power. A forward policy in the Khyber Pass,

> was a question that concerned the character and influence of England in Europe. . . . There was the isolation that came from decay. . . . But there was also the isolation that came from self-confidence, from extreme energy, from abounding resources, and above all, from the inspiration of a great cause. . . .
>
> Here lay the hard core of Disraeli's case, and it was never chipped away by his opponents. His actual ignorance of conditions in India and the colonies could not affect it. He knew what he wanted their possession to represent. . . .

Since Britain fought no major war between the Crimean and the South African, this inspired form of imperial bluff – power founded upon prestige and backed by a powerful fleet and an army run on a shoestring – succeeded beyond the wildest statesman's dreams or calculations. 'What Disraeli did', Mr Thornton sums up, 'was to fashion . . . a new dress for the argument that he had been propounding for a great part of his political life: that England, if she were to remain a Great Power, must *function* as such.'

Thus, between 1874 and the Boer War, the imperialists had it almost all their own way. Increased foreign competition, the slump in exports and the consequent assertion that trade should follow the flag, the prospect of a new life overseas for the country's one million paupers – all these arguments went to depress Cobdenism and to add sober fuel to the imaginative blaze already being kindled by Disraeli's successors – the Roseberys, Dilkes and Chamberlains – and the new proconsular class, epitomised by Cromer, Milner, Lugard and the rest backed up by the Army, headed by that grand panjandrum of the Staff, Sir Garnet Wolseley. Cecil Rhodes, the Rand, Beit and Barnato and the works of Kipling completed the process. A mystique of Service – the fourth strand of Empire absent in Disraeli's day – was created and the White Man's Burden was born.

Mr. Nehru describes this 'calm assurance of always being in the right' as having 'something of the religious temper about it' – fascinating to watch, even while it angered. 'In Empire,' wrote Curzon, 'we have found not merely the way to glory and wealth, but the call to duty and the means of service to mankind.'

Once Salisbury had added six million square miles and a hundred million new subjects to the British Empire, the golden age of Milner had arrived. Mr Thornton is at his best on Milner. Sir Evelyn Wrench's recent biography has emphasised the effect of the early German schooling and the gymnasium at Tübingen, and Mr Thornton shows us how this affected Milner's ideas in practice:

> It was for a Government to govern, for an Imperial Government to govern imperially. To Milner, both the British Constitution and the party system – the twin delights of Sir William Harcourt's heart – were 'antiquated and bad'. They made it simpler for people to do nothing than to have a positive policy. Together they composed a system that would never be able to cope with the firm running of the Empire. In this diagnosis he was quite right – but his prescription for the trouble – to change the Constitution and to reconstruct the party system, was entirely impracticable. Milner indeed never clearly understood just how massive were the walls against which he elected to beat his brilliant head. . . .

And how good he is on the famous 'Kindergarten'!

The whole task was one for Titans. And the Titans were never to be found. The men that Milner himself trained in South Africa – men like Leopold Amery and John Buchan, Geoffrey Dawson and Lionel Curtis, who carried the impress of Milner's ideology on their thinking to the end of their days – were to spend many of those days trying to add cubits to the stature of their political contemporaries: if never quite failing to influence, never quite succeeding in guiding, and themselves remaining (though often in high position) on the fringes of the country's political life, eccentrics and seers, whose prestige was never commensurate with their powers.

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* *The Imperial Idea and Its Enemies.* By A. P. Thornton. *Macmillan.* 30s.

† *The English Utilitarians and India.* By Eric Stokes. *Oxford.* 45s.

(It was not always so. In his fascinating but highly specialised study†, Professor Stokes describes that grander and far more powerful 'kindergarten' that gathered itself around Wellesley, the 'glorious little man', in India – and included Metcalfe, Malcolm and Elphinstone. Certainly, they were Titans in those days.)

The Boer War did for imperialism. Fought with 400,000 men at a cost of £250m. against a male population the size of Brighton's, it killed the bluff and finished us as a forward Power in the eyes of Europe. It also ended the British electorate's brief love-affair with imperialism. As Campbell-Bannerman, that cheerful realist, remarked: 'The truth is, we cannot provide for a fighting Empire, and nothing will give us the power', adding blithely that 'a peaceful Empire of the old type we are quite fit for'. Henceforth it was only the imperial die-hards, the Curzons and Milners, supported by their staffs and kindergartens, who embraced the whole imperial doctrine. The politicians, except in their ritual platform gestures, let it alone, though it lingered on until 1913 in the works of Professor Cramb, the last Hegelian British imperialist, to whose purple passages Mr Thornton does less than justice.

Today the 'Empire – long ago euphemised into the Commonwealth – has almost all gone, and it is strange to think how short, in Gibbonian terms, our sway has been. The Empire, like Becky, chiefly hangs about the Spas, 'where a very strong party of excellent people consider her to be a most injured woman'. Her companion, the Commonwealth, survives – 'and her name is in all the Charity Lists'.

JOHN RAYMOND

To the (Supposed) Patron

Prodigal of loves and barbecues,
Expert in the strangest faunas, at home
He considers the lilies, the rewards.
There is no substitute for a rich man.
At his first entering a new province
With new coin, music, the barest glancing
Of steel or gold suffices. There are many
Tremulous dreams secured under that head.
For his delight and his capacity
To absorb, freshly, the inside-succulence
Of untoughened sacrifice, his bronze agents
Speculate among convertible stones
And drink desert sand. That no mirage
Irritate his mild gaze, the lewd noonday
Is housed in cool places, and fountains
Salt the sparse haze. His flesh is made clean.
For the unfallen – the firstborn, or wise
Councillor – prepared vistas extend
As far as harvest; and idyllic death
Where fish at dawn ignite the powdery lake.

GEOFFREY HILL

Haig's Masterpiece

In Flanders Fields. By LEON WOLFF. *Longmans.* 25*s*.

This is a vivid and well-documented account of perhaps the most tragic episode in British military history. Mr Wolff has mastered the vast military literature on Passchendaele, his general reading in the period is sufficient to evoke the flavour of 1917, and he successfully resists the temptation to over-write. His one serious defect is, I think, an inadequate grasp of the political background, which leads him to present Lloyd George's behaviour as more mysterious than in fact it was. Apart from this, his judgment of the motives and responsibilities of the chief actors in the drama is generally sound, and it is difficult to see how any further research can substantially alter the picture he has presented.

Even today, 40 years later, we cannot read the story of Passchendaele without bewilderment and anger. Why was the offensive ordered in the first place? Even more, why was it allowed to continue? And why did those responsible for it go unpunished? The idea for a Flanders offensive had been in Haig's head from the moment he took over the BEF from Sir John French; and he expressed it in a command paper as early as January 1916. For various reasons – chiefly the German offensive around Verdun – he agreed to make the main British effort in 1916 on the Somme. This four months' battle cost the BEF 481,842 casualties, and it proved two things: first, that a clean breach of a prepared and heavily-defended section of the German line was virtually impossible; second, that even in a war of attrition, the advantage lay heavily with the defenders. Yet despite strenuous opposition from his own politicians and the French, Haig persisted in reviving the Flanders scheme in 1917.

As a planned offensive, it had far more serious drawbacks than the Somme. Beyond the vague strategic objective of punching a hole in the German line, and so permitting Haig to deploy his beloved cavalry, it had no apparent purpose. The Ypres salient, which was costing the BEF 6,000 casualties a month, had, it is true, to be straightened; but this could have been achieved far more effectively by an Allied withdrawal. Instead, Haig chose to attack the Germans entrenched on the ridges to the north-east, in a defensive system more formidable even than the Somme redoubts. The Germans, as he knew before the battle started, were in sufficient strength to command virtual parity on the vital sectors. Moreover, the terrain itself was unsuitable. It had once been a swamp, reclaimed over centuries by an elaborate drainage system; unless this were kept under repair, the heavy summer and autumn rains, for which Haig had statistical records going back many years, would collect just below the surface, forming a thick film of mud, and making movement – above all of tanks, the one arm in which Haig possessed decisive superiority – almost impossible. In fact, the offensive, by its very nature, not merely neglected the drainage system but destroyed it. The preliminary barrage, of 4,283,550 shells, weighing 107,000 tons, demolished the work of generations in a few hours. The battle was lost before it began.

Haig, it is true, had bad luck with the weather. In August, during the first phase of the offensive, the rain was exceptionally severe; whilst September, when operations were suspended, was dry. This, however, does not excuse his decision to resume the offensive in October, and to prolong it into November – the rainiest months of the year. Indeed, it is in the second phase of the battle that the behaviour of the generals descends from folly to criminality. By this time, victory had become impossible even on Haig's assumptions. His one virtue, as a commander, was his passionate insistence on detailed planning. But in the late autumn conditions even this had to be abandoned. The last series of offensives – which cost 100,000 casualties – took place virtually without artillery support, for the guns could not be limbered into action; and many attacking battalions, faced with a long approach march in knee-deep mud, failed to reach their start-lines before zero hour. One group of 71 Australians vanished without trace: the attack they were supposed to deliver never took place; they were not recorded as prisoners, and the War Graves Commission was unable to find their bodies; they seem simply to have sunk into the mud forever. In the four months of the battle, the BEF advanced four miles. Casualties in this offensive were 448,614, German losses 270,710.

The chief responsibility for the disaster is undoubtedly Haig's, though heavy blame also rests on two of his army commanders, Plumer and Gough, and the complacent yes-men of GHQ, Kiggell and Charteris. Charteris, Haig's intelligence officer, consistently fed his chief wildly optimistic information about conditions, and German casualties and morale, thus supplying a respectable basis for Haig's 'attrition' theory, when the original objects of the offensive were seen to be unattainable. Charteris's reply to complaints from formation commanders about conditions was: 'A war isn't like a tennis match. You can't stop for a shower.' Sir Launcelot Kiggell, the Chief of Staff, had an even shorter way with dissenters: he removed them for 'lack of offensive spirit'. On 8 November, the day after the final attack, he paid his first visit to the front. Seeing the mud, he burst into tears, exclaiming: 'Good God, did we really send men to fight in that?'

Others, however, cannot escape censure also. The Cabinet was sold the offensive on the grounds that the submarine menace could not be met so long as the Flanders ports were in German hands; Jellicoe allowed himself to be put up by the War Office to endorse this view, although he knew that these bases could only house small, short-range U-boats. Lloyd George, too, sanctioned the offensive, though he saw clearer than anyone else that it would fail. He neglected, moreover, to enforce the proviso in the Cabinet directive which allowed him to call it off if the first assaults failed to achieve a break-through. His trouble, of course, was that he could not dismiss Haig without imperilling his government. And, rightly or wrongly, he believed that the war could only be won under his leadership.

As it happened, Passchendaele probably determined the outcome of the war – by accident. Unable to fire Haig, Lloyd George cut down his replacements. The fall in the BEF's effectives played a big role in deciding Ludendorff to risk all in his March 1918 offensive. This cost him over 600,000 men; for the first time in the war, the casualty-ratio switched decisively in the favour of the Allies, and the German army was beaten even before we were able to resume the offensive. Haig, therefore, did not win the war; Ludendorff lost it. The ultimate consequences of Passchendaele were more far-reaching. Though Haig got £100,000 and an earldom, the battle finally discredited his attitude to war in the eyes of his junior commanders – the young officers who were to direct British strategy in the war against Hitler. Many young men are alive today because their fathers and uncles died in the fields of Flanders.

PAUL JOHNSON

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At the Threshold

A History of Technology. Vol. V: The Late Nineteenth Century. Edited by CHARLES SINGER, E. J. HOLMYARD, A. R HALL and TREVOR I. WILLIAMS. *Oxford.* 8 *gns.*

The last volume of the Oxford History of Technology is in many ways the most interesting. With more than 900 pages of text, more than 400 textual illustrations, and 44 plates, it is a mine of factual information. More than that, however, it possesses a real unity. The editors have sought to present a picture of modern technology at the threshold of the twentieth century. Already by 1900 many of the great technical changes of this century had been initiated—the beginnings of modern transport on the road and in the air, the growth of the heavy electrical industry, the origins of commercial radio telegraphy. Daily life was beginning to assume 'a technical colour'. Standing at the threshold, the editors have wisely extended the scope of this volume beyond the limits of the first four in the series. They have provided space for a brief discussion of the social consequences of technological progress, they have included a stimulating chapter by Sir Eric Ashby on 'education for an age of technology', and they have drawn on the services of Charles Wilson for a lucid and readable account of the effect of technical changes on the organisation of industry. Not least, they have looked across the threshold of their own completed intellectual enterprise, stating their case in a short but effective preface. 'The need for broad scientific and technological synthesis, as well as interpretation,' they write, 'is not least among the requirements of our age, and for its satisfaction it is hoped this *History* will provide some foundation.'

There is plenty of material in this volume to encourage further speculation both about particular industries and the relations between them. In the chapter on aeronautics, for example, the old question of the interaction of theory and experiment is raised within a new setting. Aerodynamic theory did not make any significant progress between Sir George Cayley at the end of the eighteenth century and F. W. Lanchester in the twentieth. 'Man learnt to fly by practical methods of trial and error, reinforced by a minimum of recorded experimental data.' Lanchester did not publish his theoretical work until after successful powered flight had been accomplished. Mr P. W. Brooks raises this question very clearly—it is not raised so clearly in the chapter on the internal combustion engine—and he provides a useful list of 'the fundamental ingredients of a successful aeroplane' accumulated (along with many redundant ingredients) during more than a century of discontinuous trial and error.

Three interesting problems still have a topical ring—the technical adaptability of British industry, the relevance and scope of technical education, and the extent to which technical progress can be foreseen and provided for. Mr Wilson rightly states that with the accumulation of capital and the acceptance of technical routines there is a danger of the industrial mechanism becoming more and more rigid, more and more difficult to adapt and adjust. In the period from 1850 to 1900 'what was serious was not so much that fewer inventions were being generated but that fewer were being incorporated into industrial practice'. More work needs to be done on the history of this subject, which is one of the most fascinating borderlands between technological and economic history. And it raises the question how far a training in today's techniques is a proper preparation for the development of tomorrow's. The answer, of course, depends in part on the level of education being provided and for whom, but it depends, too, on the balance between technical education within a particular business or industry and technical education considered as a basic national service.

The third problem—the extent to which technical progress can be foreseen and provided for—has practical implications for both industry and government. Although many of the great technical changes of this century could be foreseen in 1900, there were many lines of development that could not. It would be useful to measure the angle of divergence between technical prophecy and technical achievement at different periods. It certainly varies from one sector of industry to another, and, as many recent writers have shown, some inventors have disturbed all existing calculations. The social impact has been even more difficult to predict. When Marconi took out his first patent in 1896, who could have foreseen the BBC?

ASA BRIGGS

Dickens's Search for Identity

Charles Dickens: The World of his Novels. By J. HILLIS MILLER. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

There is no shortage of critical articles on Dickens. What we have needed has been a really sustained study of all the novels. The nearest approach has been in two fairly recent biographies, Jack Lindsay's and Edgar Johnson's. In these, attention to the novels was often complicated by the parallels between Dickens's life and writings. Indeed, it has proved impossible to produce biography without using the novels as source material. Of course, all writers present this same problem, but it is particularly acute in Dickens's case. The interplay between the life of the man and the life of the novels is direct, continuous and highly instructive.

Thus, the structure of *The Old Curiosity Shop* is essentially a flight from London to an idealised country existence, associated with infancy and death. So much is obvious at a reading. Dickens's own fragment of autobiography confirms this. The flight appears to render Dickens's own day-dream of escape from the degradation of the blacking factory back to a pre-urban, unalienated world of parental peace and respectability. The novel now takes on an undoubtedly new interest. This interest is perhaps not really literary. Yet it sends us back to the novel itself; it helps to organise what had previously seemed the haphazard debris of Dickens's giant exuberance. In effect, our attention is heavily reinforced.

But biographical interpretation has yet wider implications. It not only accounts for individual novels but for the pattern made by all the novels. It proves that Dickens's work is a totality—a re-living of fundamentally the same predicaments at an even higher level of self-consciousness. The problems were those basic to an acquisitive society: the alienation of personality from its essential humanity; how to live in the world where false personality was either thrust upon one, or one thrust a caricature of oneself upon the world, which in turn meant the rejection of other people's humanity. Biography helps us to see that the later novels faced these problems more arduously than the earlier ones. The early novels, for all their vitality and inventiveness, are mined by escapism and wish-fulfilment. They are superseded by a more sober, heroic and compassionate explanation of the fate of child and man in society.

Here resides the fascination of Dickens. No one novel has the maturity and completeness of statement we find in *Middlemarch* and *Nostromo*. Instead, there is a toiling towards maturity and completeness never wholly achieved. Yet his works as a whole loom as a more solid and impressive achievement than either George Eliot's or Conrad's. He created a world which in turn became a creative fact in our society.

It needed the biographical approach to indicate initially that this dynamic world of the novels really exists. Mr Miller acknowledges this in the introduction of his book; and his achievement is to go behind the findings of biography·

> to assess the specific quality of Dickens's imagination in the totality of his work . . and to trace the development of his vision of things from one novel to another throughout the span . . of his career.

This is an ambitious programme; but Mr Miller triumphantly carries it through.

Mr Miller uses, as his conceptual frame of reference, the existentialist 'theme of the search for a true and viable identity'. This might well have proved too abstract to apply to so intensely visual and concrete a writer as Dickens. Actually, it works very well. Mr Miller starts from the very stuff and texture of the writing. Indeed, he would not see texture and theme as at all separate. By careful and close analysis of image, syntax, arrangement of objects, he seeks to establish the felt quality of each of the novels in turn. For the way the characters view each other and the world is the measure of their alienation and their attempt to overcome it. His method of juxtaposing images and points of view from all over a book does not make for easy reading. What emerges, however, in his account is nearly always confirmed by one's own casual reading. One's vague sense of the colour, smell and density of each work is brought sharply into focus.

The result of this close study is impressive. It enables Mr Miller to draw general conclusions about the entire direction of Dickens's work, which only rarely are contradicted by faulty or eccentric reading. And it enables him to characterise the special qualities of vision of each novel as he comes to it. Thus, he can point to the unsatisfactoriness of *Oliver Twist* as residing in an abdication of adult responsibility for the kind of life Oliver wishes to make for himself:

> He escapes from an intolerable present and a frightening future by making the present a reduplication of a past safely over and done with . . he lives happily ever after, but only by living in a perpetual childhood of submission to protection and direction from without.

And he can characterise the world of *Oliver Twist* by remarking that 'movement in the Dickensian labyrinth is always inward and downward towards the centre, never outwards towards freedom'. In his study of *Bleak House* he is able to make real sense of the parallel third-person and first-person narrative. He sees it as an attempt to establish a subjective world and a relationship with the reader amid the objective chaos-and-fog world of the novel. That the fog in this novel operates symbolically is now a commonplace. Mr Miller is the first to show just how the symbol works:

> . . . objects and people are more separated by the fog than linked by it. The fog, a fog that is both a physical mist and a spiritual blindness, forms an opaque barrier between any one place and any other.

Mr Miller's style is also sometimes 'an opaque barrier.' But it is worth leaping. He sends us back to Dickens with a new, over-all insight. His book puts Dickens and indeed all criticism of the Victorians on a new footing.

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LONGMANS

Ethiopian Journey

The Mountains of Rasselas. By THOMAS PAKENHAM. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s*.

Except for those prepared to face arctic cold, there are not many undiscovered territories left on our planet. Yet a persevering young man with time and money to spend on exploration can still fill in some blanks in the maps of the mountains of Africa—the Riff, the Atlas, the Ethiopian highlands. Mr. Thomas Pakenham is lucky. He was well enough endowed—not richly, but adequately—to prolong the interval between Oxford and a job. He set off for the deserts of Syria in high summer carrying only a kitbag, a water-bottle and the hopes of his friends that he would remember to boil the worst of the water; but he had a more ambitious plan in mind. He wanted to find and climb the mountain on which the royal house of Ethiopia used, for fear of rebellion, to keep all claimants to the throne.

Dr Johnson described the custom in *Rasselas*, but wrongly, for his place of imprisonment was an enclosed Happy Valley out of which his prisoner tunnelled a way. The truth is much less comfortable. The princes were kept incommunicado on a succession of fingers of rock with impregnable sides. The last and most precipitous of these rises out of a high valley not far from Lake Tana; the legend of happiness on its summit is unsubstantiated; contemporary Portuguese chroniclers say that there was room at the top for the many royal penthouses, but no European had been there. Mr Pakenham wanted to climb up and see.

In this ambition he failed. He made his way from Jerusalem to Ethiopia; he found the mountain; but a one-time stair had collapsed and it was unclimbable without ropes and experience. In the end he saw its summit only from a Dakota manned by one of those genial American pilots that one meets on all the world's minor airlines, ready to give service by flying off course to satisfy some passenger. (This pilot's detour allowed for an excellent photograph from the cabin window. 'Boy! What a goddam place to spend your life.') But in the course of his quest for the mountain, and for the two other slightly less forbidding sugarloaves that were its predecessors, he has written the best travel book in English on rural Ethiopia since L. M. Nesbitt's *Desert and Forest* in 1934.

Times have changed since then, and still more since the journeys of Nesbitt's French contemporary Marcel Griaule. Both these kept seeing grisly spectacles of the kind that eventually sickened hardy James Bruce two hundred years ago. Mr Pakenham's Ethiopians are dilatory but charming; his only unusual experience is that some of them bow down when the Frank passes by. They ask him in, do not seem surprised when he outpaces his convoy and walks through their valleys alone, and let him take colour-photographs of their manuscripts and churches.

He writes easily and well, and will later look back on this first book as a trifle lush. His heart leaps with pain and joy a little too often, and his sighs for his love the mountain are as languid as Orsino's. He is also apt to try to manufacture tension by exclaiming, two paragraphs late, at some discovery that his reader made right away. But his book is a candid and pleasant picture of a wild place now being tamed, though whether through the spread of central government, or the brush with the Italians, or caresses from Point Four, he does not say.

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Young Quixote

Before Noon. By RAMON J. SENDER *Gollancz.* 21*s*.

At the time of the Spanish Civil War, Mr Sender was a staff officer in the Republican Army. He was well known as the editor of that brilliant liberal Madrid newspaper *El Sol,* and as the author of a novel *Seven Red Sundays,* a book describing anarchist action in the pre-war period, and very much in the loose, realistic tradition of Pio Baroja. He also wrote a sympathetic and ironical study of an English conscience, torn in every direction by the non-intervention policy: *Mr Witt Among the Rebels.* It is, therefore, a surprise to find that this new autobiographical trilogy has nothing to do with the inevitable subject. The war that worries his hero's father is the war of 1918, and then only as a matter of ill-advised financial speculation. We are back in that period of Spanish life when—to echo Pasternak—hatred had not yet come into the world. At any rate, the passions are domestic and are enjoyed with that detached admiration in which Spanish irony is so apt.

Before Noon—the first volume was published 15 years ago—purports to be the story of the childhood and schooldays of a man who died in a French concentration camp. Memory kept him alive a little longer. It is a relief to the nerves not to have to go through that war again, for it has been naturally monopolised by the talents of journalists, reporters and theorists; the gain in actuality is often a loss of insight of a more lasting kind. One discovers something invaluable: what one Spanish boy's life was like, and through him, in simple instances, an outstanding trait in many Spaniards. In the boy Pepe we meet a genuine, childish Quixote who has the power of living by inner resources and by fantasies which get him into all kinds of comical yet touching scrapes. He is not in the least funny in himself. Rather, he is arrogant, ruthless, conceited, extreme in feeling, totally concerned with his dignity; his solemn dreams drive him into absurd but principled acts. We are made to follow, with great fidelity, his slow growing-up. It is a long time since I have seen so truthful and agreeable a portrait of a growing boy. The central passion of his life was formed young. He fell in love, as a child, with another child called Valentina, who returned his passion. The devices of these children who could rarely see each other include such oddities as semaphoring from rooftops, sending messages by carrier pigeon. He bound her to him forever by daubing her with the blood of one of these birds. The Aragonese—to which race he belonged—are usually thought stubborn. Neither his parents, his tutors, his priests were able to get an idea out of his head once it was there. Since he had privately decided that one or two of these ought to be killed and he was capable of a good deal of fortunately unpractical plotting to this end, their tolerant curiosity is very creditable. One saintly lay brother at his school in Catalonia, who was thought mad because he often made a barking noise like a dog, saw through the boy's pride. This saint, helpless, humble, consumed by the desire to rid himself of personality and to become, as it were, whoever he spoke to, instructed the boy in the beauties of what he called his 'liquid mind'. Always caught by a phrase—'marriage is moronic' was a favourite one—Pepe was really influenced by this one.

Brought up in a small Aragonese village and transferred to a Catholic seminary, the boy ought to have been the usual product of his class. But that is to discount his imagination and his conviction that some passages in the liturgy gave him unconquerable powers. Seeing the chimneys of a power station from his cell window, he immediately fell in love with the Anarchists. Schoolboy gossip said that the priests had attached high-tension cables to the railings as a defence if the seminary were attacked; Pepe gets up at night and alters all the switches so that the Anarchists shall not be frustrated. The idea is purely poetic. With this intelligent but fanatical and unrealistic addiction to what comes into his head, Pepe is (of course) a fatalist. If he cannot kill those who stand in his way, then he must give himself up and be killed himself.

Naturally, there is no killing. There are, instead, the passionate misadventures and misconceptions of growing up. He is innocent, a Candide before the invaders come tumbling in. But as a character he is not an idea; he is a real boy living in the extraordinary Spanish way, half-negligent, half-rigid. Old aunts, old nuns, old servants turn up. He is involved with cheerful ferocity in all the petty jealousies of family life (for among Spaniards jealousy seems to be the most respected and carefully fostered of all the emotions) and he loves nothing better than hanging about with a lot of talkative fellows for hours. This Spain is Mr Sender's dream, but it is Pepe's also: for from the time he played the lead in *La Vida es Sueño* at school, he has been convinced that those who treat life as a dream will never succumb to the shame of fear.

Mr Sender's book is quiet and slow but is astonishing in the liveliness of its detail. It is a work of love, and it entirely escapes that archness which, for example, falsifies Anatole France on a similar subject the little Pierre was, indeed, a sniveller; you can see he will turn out to be another damned writer. Nor does Mr Sender fall for that conventional vividness which childhood memory has. He has found a character who is a Spanish type in little – a Don Quixote of the catapult and Latin primer, and in the gravity, realism and sunniness of his irony, he belongs to the Spanish tradition. One detail sticks in my mind: the description of the cold, tobacco-smelling breath of the commissionaire at his father's office. When we go in for such realism, we are so proud of ourselves that we go on piling it up. Mr Sender does not. The cooing of doves, the noise made by priests' feet, the feel of a sore bottom after a spanking, are all there with a sort of tenderness for the passing glitter and shadow of life. He has been better served, I think, by the translator of his first volume than by the second.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Other New Novels

The Man With The Golden Arm. By NELSON ALGREN. *Spearman.* 16*s*.

Light In Silence. By CLAUDE KOCH. *Gollancz.* 16*s*.

The Revolving Man. By VICTOR ANANT. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s*.

The Loving Cup. By DEREK BARTON. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s*.

The Ever-fixed Mark. By ELIZABETH HARGREAVES. *Hutchinson.* 13*s*. 6*d*.

The mystique of Skid Row can be quite compelling, as you see when a few feet of documentary film about bums in the Bowery or meth-drinkers on a British bomb site steal the programme. But it needs to be kept pure and unsentimentalised. As soon as the entertainment industry muscles in the pristine nihilism of the down-and-out's void gets bulked out with candy floss. This is what Mr Nelson Algren has done to his rather maddening tour de force, *The Man With The Golden Arm*, about Frankie Machine, né Majcinek, the drug-addicted professional card-dealer and dice-player. This is a genre which one might call romanticised squalorology. The case-history is festooned with emotional trappings like a Christmas short story by O. Henry.

> The clock in the room above the Safari told only Junkie time. For every hour here was Old Junkie's hour and the walls were the colour of all Old Junkie's dreams: the hue of diluted morphine in the moment when the needle draws the suffering blood.

But I must admit Mr Algren gives you plenty of detail. Even if the emotion which he keeps on trying to pump into you is phoney he has taken trouble to amass facts, both pharmaceutical and sociological. The chronicle of Frankie's short life rambles on to provide a fairly convincing picture, despite floss, of life in Chicago's Lower Depths. Frankie ends by hanging himself at the age of thirty-one; in his time he commits a murder and is responsible for the misfortunes of his crippled wife, Zosh. It is a little difficult to figure what his mistress Molly-O, the strip-teaser, sees in him. Consistent over-writing like Mr Algren's can be very tiring and is apt to make you suspicious. Yet behind the hopped-up Kipling, the heroined O. Henry, and even – when he takes to verse at the end – the coked Robert W. Service, there is some excellent observation, as when the racial characteristics of Jews and Poles are derived from their habits at the gambling table. Mr Algren is a sprawling writer and there is not much form to Frankie's chronicle. The parts where he is in prison are the easiest to read; the institutional

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background supplies Mr Algren with a ready-made framework on which to steady himself.

The other American novel in this batch, *Light In Silence,* is a study of a highly specialised community: the Catholic College of the Ancient Order of St Bardolph, which stands above Niagara Falls. You possibly need to be at least a High Anglican to appreciate this to the full, but there is no doubt that it is an extremely skilful piece of writing, lively and vivid, often amusing, yet free from that corona of whimsy that disfigures some Catholic works of fiction. The death of the saintly muddle-headed Prior, Cletus Paul, and his succession by a more worldly, very much less sympathetic character, leads to a number of crises in the lives of the teaching staff. One of them, which has vital consequences, is the attempt by the psychology instructor to confront the aged and amiable Father Didymus with a rationale for his vision of the saint. Another concerns an attempt to raise funds by selling vast quantities of a peculiarly atrocious plaster statuette of the saint. Interest is fairly evenly and very deftly divided among the community, but the indisputable hero is Brother Joseph, the craggy artist, who has never had a true vocation. In his case, the crisis is intensified by his feelings for Anne, the sister of one of the younger brothers, a widow with three children, who keeps a bookshop in the town. For a time he leaves the Order and goes out into the world, but he returns in the last chapter.

A sound maxim for the novel-reader: always go for a book by an Indian writer; you will seldom be disappointed. There is something about modern Indian life, the expression, perhaps, of that multifarious teeming quality, which makes for any amount of individual variety and idiosyncracy. *The Revolving Man* is one of those presumably part-autobiographical chronicles from childhood to late adolescence, but the experience retailed is remarkably fresh and unfamiliar. John Atma, the son of a poor Brahmin family from Southern India, has a partly English education, works in Bombay as a journalist, and marries a prostitute – this is perhaps the least convincing episode though the account of his sexual development of which it forms a part is real enough. The end, with his second marriage in London and return to India in despair, is too sketchy. This is a rather uneven novel, but a lot of it is exceptionally vivid. Some of his characterisations, especially his parents, are brilliant. There are plenty of jokes at the expense of Anglo-Indians and the relicts of the British Raj. The combination of Brahmin sensitivity with the picaresque trend produces a distinctly original flavour.

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Finally, a pair of light readables. *The Loving Cup* is home-counties picaresque in the Nineteen-Fifties. Young man of principle returns from the Middle East, refuses to go into the family printing business or public relations, does odd jobs instead and, after a spell as a waiter in a country hotel, is reunited with the South African girl he met on the boat. It is rather like the novels that Sir Philip Gibbs used to write about forty years ago, and has the same kind of buttonholing readability, but it does give you quite a sharp contemporary feel. Mr Barton is perhaps rather over-anxious to please, but he knows what he is about.

Mrs Hargreaves is a capable writer with a dry Austenish restraint and few of the lighter lady novelist's vices. *The Ever-fixed Mark* is the story of two married couples on a small West Indian island. The cosy Prentices are permanent residents; the Allysons are just post-honeymoon, already feeling the strain. Visits from a niece and a film company provide a modicum of action, but everything is kept very quiet and unsensational.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

To School in Russia

Soviet Education Today. By DEANA LEVIN. *Staples Press.* 15*s.*

Miss Levin's 125-page guide is a useful reminder of the formidable progress in Soviet education over the past 40 years. From a point of departure at which over three-quarters of the population was illiterate, education is now compulsory from the ages of seven to 15, from seven to 17 in 122 cities and towns, and by 1960 will be compulsory to this age throughout the Union. The present system is co-educational and centralised: and all schools work to an iron-bound common curriculum. Intelligence testing was abandoned 20 years ago on grounds (among others) that tests do not show *why* a child is backward. The division of classes into 'streams' of varying abilities is considered inhuman, and boarding-schools are reserved for the underprivileged.

Miss Levin is a practised educationalist who has taught in Russian schools for five years. It seems a pity that more of her own findings, personal experiences, observations, have not warmed up her stern, clear prose: on the reactions of children and teachers, for example, to what seems a rigid and inexorable syllabus. She takes us with relentless efficiency from Ministry of Health Nursery (which accepts children up to three) and factory kindergarten (where the Ministry of Education appears on the scene) to the first, flowered day at the Junior School where the new arrivals are played in by a works' band and each receives a gift of welcome from the children in the top class. At the other end of the line is the Gold Medal and the University.

Ninety-nine per cent. of the 17-year-olds take the school-leaving examination, and about 3 per cent. fail at the first attempt. Miss Levin makes the interesting point that in comparison with the ordinary level papers of the English GCE, 'the Soviet standard is somewhat higher, though not equal to the advanced level'. And the book has some excellent appendices consisting of typical school time-tables, official syllabuses, and a number of selected questions from the school-leaving examination.

At one point, a teacher is allowed to break through with 'The adults in our country work very hard, we have so much to do . . . and we expect our children to work hard at their job of learning, too. Perhaps even too hard.' It is, therefore, a disappointment that this taut, comprehensive and straightforward account contains few such authentic smells of the chalk battle. If it had, it might for me have read a little less freezingly like a chip off the great floes of official handouts on which most travellers float from Brest-Litovsk to Moscow, and back.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

Week-end Competition

No. 1,514 **Set by J. E. Miller**

The good Organisation Man (says William H. White in his book on the subject) loves his father and mother – but his father a little more – likes things pretty well the way they are, never worries much about anything, doesn't care for books or music much, loves his wife and children but doesn't let them get in the way of his work. Competitors are invited to suggest personal qualifications for three of the following: Test cricket reporter; public relations officer; Royal Court playwright; TV quizmaster; Action painter; Method actress; Tory foreign secretary. Limit 75 words; entries by 10 March.

Result of No. 1,511 **Set by Scythrop**

Tobacco, once hymned by Calverley and others, is now under a cloud. Competitors are invited to submit a song (limit 16 lines) for or against 'the weed'.

Report

The battle raged furiously. Perhaps the fumophils slightly outnumbered the fumophobes, but the latter made up in virulence. M. L. Birchnall, for instance:

> The sapper of wills
>   And the wrecker of marriage;
> The siren that kills
>   In the second class carriage.

A. F. Wallis painted a lurid domestic picture –

> I've grown accustomed to her cough—
> It always makes the day begin—

While C. W. V. Wordsworth saw it undermining sentiment –

> I courted once a damsel fair
> But never came to clasp her;
> For how dispose the hands, and where,
> Without a blessed gasper?

On the other side there were many excuses, from Nancy Gunter's coupon gifts to Alberick's

> To smoke is patriotic,
>   And, better still, it's NICE.

Many entries started with 'the furtive fag behind the potting shed' (Stanley J. Sharpless); there were some good parodists, James S. Fidgen, Gloria Prince and Joan Ackner among them.

A couple of guineas each to J. A. Lindon and T. R. Johnson; a guinea apiece to H. A. C. Evans and Martin Jordan. A cigarette-length behind them came C. W V. Wordsworth, Ruff, Towanbucket, Mrs. V R. Ormerod, Alan M. Laing, J. W. Smeed, W. Parsons, G. Baker, R. L. Macaulay, Lyndon Irving.

HAPPY TO THE LAST

Soon I may cross the Golden Bar
  Through smoking at full throttle;
Then, in my old tobacco-jar,
  Three Nuns shall bear my dottle.

With Coachman Fine Cut on his box,
  I'll whiff awhile at leisure
In Cotton's Empire Mixture socks,
  Awaiting Parson's Pleasure.

Ten Standard Greys my hearse shall pull
  (Their stubs all neatly clipped),
While Old Chums Medium and Full
  Shall see the Churchman's Tipped.

Puffed off this pungent ring, I'll be—
  With Digger Mixture over
(Sweet Afton Majors, pray for me!)
  Weights on my feet—in clover!

J. A. LINDON

Since Raleigh in his muddy cloak
  Sat breathing fire,
Millions have seen go up in smoke
  Their hearts' desire.

They lived for smoking; not so we
  Since (oh! thou weed,
That art so lovely fair) for thee
  We die indeed.

No haunting risk, no cancer'd ghost
  They knew of yore;
But we—our death-wish uppermost—
  We love thee more

T. R. JOHNSON

God made the good tobacco for a solace and a boon,
And the man who speaks against it is a rascal and a loon,
For whether it's a pipe, a cigarette or a cigar,
Tobacco spells tranquillity from Maine to Malabar.

The Choctaws and the Cherokees just hated the police,
But when they finished scalping them they smoked the Pipe of Peace,
And subtle Orientals, most inscrutable of guys,
Are fabulously fumophil and wonderfully wise.
Our boys are seldom junkies and they don't go on a jag.
They'd rather drink a glass of beer and smoke a quiet fag;
And see our greatest Englishman, the pattern of the breed,
Enjoying his twelve inches of the wonder-smoking weed.

So here's to Lady Nicotine, the fairest of her sex,
Who eases torn and jangled nerves with comforts multiplex;
Beneath her spell the gravest threat becomes a harmless joke,
And plots to ruin continents go up in clouds of smoke.

H. A. C. EVANS

Guv'nor, guv'nor, 'ave you any dog-ends?
'Ave you got the makings of a drag?
I'm standing in the rain
Watching smokes go down the drain,
And I ask you, what is life without a fag?
In me time I've 'ad me share of ripe Havanas,
Coronas and Perfectos, mild and strong.
Tho' today I'm dressed in patches
I 'ad flunkeys for the matches,
And the butts I chucked away was inches long.
Do you 'ave by any chance a decent dog-end?
Tho' I know it's just an 'abit, bad for 'ealth,
And they ought to pass a law . .
When I get myself a draw
  I 'as Wealth, Wealth, Wealth!

MARTIN JORDAN

The Chess Board

No. 485. Division of Labour

Here's a position which V. S. Prooth (playing Black against a fellow-master at his school) reached after his opponent's 17th move. /r1bq1rk1/b1p3p1/p2p4/1p1Pp3/4Ktkt2/2P2Kt1P/PPB2PPK/R2R1Q2/. Being much preoccupied by his scholastic duties, Prooth shoved the pocket set over to his opponent. 'Look here,' he said, 'I feel that . . . KtxRP, possibly followed by a sacrifice of the exchange, looks right in principle; and even if it isn't, it ought to shatter your morale. I haven't the energy, though, to work it out, so you had better do it yourself.' In due time the opponent submitted this report: . . . KtxRP; (18) R-Q2, RxKt; (19) PxR, Q-R5; (20) K-Kt2, Kt-B5 ch; (21) K-Kt1, B-R6; (22) Q-K1, B-Kt7; (23) Kt-Kt3, QxKt; (24) Resigns. 'I didn't see the win until move 21,' quoth Prooth, and I trust that such honesty will make him share a well-deserved chessbook token with his opponent.

Another one will go to B. D. Josephson who—White for Trinity in the recent Cambridge University College Team Championship—won this game:

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-KKt3; 3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt2; (4) P-K4, P-Q3; (5) P-B3, O-O; (6) B-K3, QKt-Q2; (7) Q-Q2, P-K4; (8) P-Q5, P-Kt3; (9) P-KKt4, P-QR4; (10) KKt-K2, Kt-B4; (11) B-R6, Kt-K1; (12) O-O-O, B-Q2; (13) P-KR4, P-KB3; (14) BxB. KxB; (15) Kt-Kt3, P-B3; (16) P-Kt5, PxKtP; (17) PxKtP, RxP; [Here White realised that he couldn't play Q-R2 at once, on account of . . . QxP ch]; hence: (18) K-Kt1, RxKt; (19) Q-R2, RxP; (20) QxP ch, K-B3; (21) B-R3, BxB. (22) RxB, Kt-KKt2; (23) R-B3 ch, Kt-B4; (24) PxKt, RxP; (25) R-Kt1, etc.

COMPANY MEETING

NORTHERN DAIRIES LIMITED

A YEAR OF CONSOLIDATION

The Annual General Meeting of Northern Dairies Limited was held on 20 February, at 287, Beverley Road, Hull. Mr. A. S. Horsley, the Chairman, said, 'There is no set pattern of Chairman's Report. Some begin with changes in Directorships, others with finances, others with their own particular commodity market, but as I write my draft report on Boxing Day morning when almost all the Northern Dairy staff are doing a normal day's work, collecting, pasteurising, condensing or retailing milk, there can only be one beginning. It must be the working staff. On behalf of the Board of Directors and Shareholders, I thank the 2,000 workers (of whom 200 are shareholders) for their continued loyalty, energy and cooperation throughout the year. Without them there would be no Northern Dairies.

'In our trade we inevitably suffer from any undue variation in the milk supply. Too much means strain, too little means idle plant and loss of goodwill on our branded goods. This year has been exceptional as the large apparent surplus up to April 1958 has now become a serious shortage and this will affect our manufacturing creameries for some time ahead.

Capitalisation of Reserves Foreshadowed

'Bearing this in mind we are gratified to show an increase in our net profit of over £14,000. This would have been appreciably higher but for an extra £20,000 depreciation, and £14,000 taxation largely as a result of the increased tax on non-distributed profits. We are left with net profits of £181,499 out of which it is proposed to pay a final dividend of 10 per cent., making a total of 15 per cent. for the year. The reserves have strengthened by £126,000, bringing the total of Ordinary Share Capital and Reserves to £1,260,977. We propose to capitalise certain of these reserves as Ordinary Shares during the present financial year.

'Shareholders will notice the new arrangement of our accounts which will show the position of the Company far more clearly. As forecast, net current assets are £120,000 lower and stocks have fallen by £50,000 due to the milk shortage. Re-equipment of our dairies in the next two to three years will mean a further fall in current assets, though our cash position at £427,000 is far stronger and capital commitments at £30,500 are lower.

'A comparison of the results over the last four years, drawn up on the new basis, is as follows:—

Year	Trading Profit £	Profit before Taxation £
1955	343,082	187,536
1956	365,977	201,503
1957	429,593	277,479
1958	494,269	305,438

Year	Income Tax and Profits Tax £	Net Profit £
1955	70,395	117,141
1956	88,954	112,549
1957	110,360	167,119
1958	123,939	181,499

'This has been a year of consolidation with large amounts spent on increasing efficiency in our bottling dairies and condenseries. We have had a record Chocolate Crumb production and successful trading in Northern Dairies and Yorkshire Dale packet butter. Increased efficiency and sales should make up for any reduced return from the manufacturing creameries.

'As a dairy company we felt it essential to market a Dairy Ice Cream made from cream, butter and eggs and despite an inclement summer we had an increase of 30 per cent. on sales. This, however, barely kept pace with our increased costs, but each year gives us an improved positon for our Ice Cream and Frozen Foods and we are reasonably confident that 1960 will see us with a very big trade in these commodities. Although not easy we are going ahead with a policy of bringing our shops up to date.

Appeal for Cessation of Nuclear Bomb Tests

'It is my duty as Chairman of a large dairy company to point out the extra risks that the milk trade runs on the occasion of every Nuclear Bomb Test as the fall-out tends to spread over large grazing areas. I, therefore, appeal to all nations (and our own particularly) to cease from this activity which could bring special danger to many trades, particularly to milk.

'Finally, to the general policy of the Board and its composition. During the year the Rt. Hon. Lord John Boyd-Orr, F.R.S., D.S.O., M.C., has joined our Board—a matter for much gratification. He will be known to shareholders and the public as a distinguished scientist, agriculturist and business man.

'To the rest of the Board I offer my most sincere thanks for a very hard year's work and for the manner in which everyone has helped to continue our unanimity on all points great and small. We all look forward with confidence to the years ahead despite the difficulties to which I have referred above.'

The report and accounts were adopted.

The
Nature of the Self
Francis J. Mott

A COPERNICAN
REVOLUTION IN PSYCHOLOGY

The fœtus, placenta and umbilical cord together form a compact sensory mechanism which determines the fundamental patterns of the psyche. This book shows how these patterns become imprinted in the fœtal organism and how, after birth, they are remobilized and transferred to the brain, where they become the stuff of human personality. This book is based upon researches carried out by precise methods, and has nothing in common with occultisms of any sort.

Med. 8vo. 336 pp.
33 Illustrations, 42s. net.

WINGATE

Now here's a game won by Dr P. C. Wason in last year's B.C.C.A. Tournament.

(1) P-K4. P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-Q4, PxP; (4) KtxP, P-KKt3; (5) P-QB4, B-Kt2; (6) B-K3, Kt-B3; (7) Kt-QB3, Kt-KKt5; (8) QxKt, KtxKt; (9) Q-Q1, Kt-K3; (10) R-B1, P-Q3; (11) B-K2, O-O; (12) O-O, Kt-B2; (13) Q-Q2, P-QR3; (14) B-R6, BxB; (15) QxB P-K3; (16) KR-Q1, Q-K2. (17) R-Q3, P-QKt4; (18) R(1)-Q1, PxP; (19) R-R3, P-B3; (20) BxP, R-Q1; (21) P-K5!, BPxP; (22) Kt-K4, Kt-K1; (23) Kt-Kt5, Kt-B3; (24) Q-R4, R-R2; [If . . . R-K1(B1); (25) RxP!, QxR; (26) KtxRP, Q-Q8 ch; (27) B-B1 etc.]; (25) B-Q3, Q-KKt2; (26) KtxRP!, KtxKt; (27) QxR ch, Q-B1; (28) Q-R4, resigns.

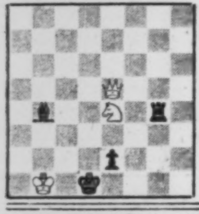
And here's a position reached by J. R. Harman (Black) after his opponent's 23rd move: /5rk1/pp1b1rpp/2p2q2/3p4/3Pp2P/1P2P1P1/P1RQ1PB1/4R1K1/.

. . . B-Kt5; (24) R-KB1, P-KKt4; (25) PxP, QxP; (26) Q-B1, Q-R4; (27) Q-Kt2, R-B3; (28) KR-B1, R-R3, (29) P-R4,

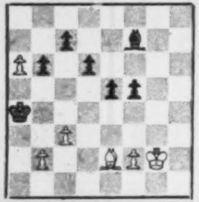
and here Harman forced a neat mate in 4 which might as well save me the diagram for **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

B comes from one of our Israeli readers who happens to be a noted problemist: a 2-mover, easy enough to provide a 6-points bargain for our much-neglected problem-addicts, but quite instructive for competitors who haven't had much practice yet in solving problems. **C** (for 7 ladder-points), the only outsider in this 'Readers' Own' week, provides our usual healthy fare of endgame studies, and a very pretty one too. Win for White. Usual prizes. Entries by 9 March.

B: J. Aizikowicz 1959



C: W. Queckenstädt 1922



REPORT on No. 481. Set 31 January.

A: (1) QxP ch, PxQ; (2) P-B7 ch, QxP; (3) R-R8 mate.

B: (1) P-K7, B-Kt1; (2) P-K5!, BxP; (3) B-Q7, B-Q3 ch; (4) K-R4!, BxP; (5) B-K6 ch! (B-B6?), K-B1; (6) B-Q5!!, B-R6; (7) B-K6!, B-B8; (8) B-B4 etc.

C: (1) B-K3 ch!, K-Kt2 (best); (2) P-K7, RxP; (3) B-R7!!, R-R8; (4) K-B4! (K-K4?) R-B8 ch; (5) B-B2!, RxB ch; (6) K-K3, R-B8; (7) K-K2 etc.

An easy lot and masses of flawless solutions. Prizes: K. Beaumont, W. H. L. Brooking, C. R. Hattersley, P. Jonas (a new Paris competitor), J. G. Lloyd, J. J. Walsh.

REPORT on No. 482. Set 7 February.

A: (10) Kt-Q7! wins at least a piece.

B: (1) P-B7, K-Kt2; (2) K-Q8, B-B4; (3) B-Kt6!, P=Q; (4) P=Q ch!, BxQ; (5) BxP ch, QxB stalemate.
if (1) . . . B-B4; (2) B-Kt6, P=Q; (3) BxB, Q-R5 ch; (4) K-Q7.

C: (1) B-Q5 ch!, K-B1; (2) BxB, P-Kt6; (3) B-Q5, P-Kt5; (4) P-R7! (K-R7?), P-Kt6; (5) B-Kt8!, P-Kt7 (either P); (6) P-B7, P=Q (either P), stalemate.
if (1) . . . BxB; (2) P-R7, K-Kt3; (3) P-B7, K (or B) xP, stalemate.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: C. Allen, E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. Sobey, D. H. M. Stallybrass, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

City Lights

Europa and the Bulls

The European capital market is beginning to take on a new international look. Switzerland, of course, has run a thriving marriage bureau for foreign investors and borrowers for years past, and there is nothing very earth-shattering about the £5 m. recently raised there by British Petroleum. The new look is largely the result of Germany's persistent surplus and the government's belated decision to solve its liquidity problems by encouraging Germans to invest abroad: the recent issue of stock there by Anglo-American was the first to be made by a foreign company since 1914. Now the larger European companies are taking steps to get their shares quoted on the main European bourses – Bayer is now to be quoted in Paris; Unilever, Royal Dutch, Fiat and Montecatini in Frankfurt. The reason for this step is the same as that which leads European-based companies to seek quotations in New York, that their capital needs are rapidly outgrowing the ability of any single market to supply. It is likely to lead to other, similar steps because in most Continental countries there is a marked scarcity of first-class equities for the individual to invest in. Industrial finance has traditionally been supplied by the banks rather than by private investors and the bulk of Ordinary shares are held by various financial institutions. Within the past year or two some successful attempts have been made to satisfy public demand for inflation-proof investments by the creation of new unit trusts, usually by banks and especially in Germany. The formation of the Economic Community, the prospect of closer European integration and rapid economic growth, has recently produced a rash of unit trusts aiming at investing in European industry as a whole – some of them even have one or two British stocks on the list. The most ambitious so far has been started by a syndicate of European banks: called Eurunion, its units will be on sale in all countries of the Common Market. This sort of thing is going to develop further, and the sooner London comes in the better.

* * *

The government's decision to help out the North British Locomotive Company raises some interesting questions. The company, which already has a considerable amount of short-term debt, produced a 'very substantial' loss last year which will absorb 'a large proportion' of its revenue reserves. Its needs for working capital has been further aggravated by the fact that the Transport Commission, whose modernisation programme accounts for most of its order book, has decided to suspend progress payments on diesels and leave the suppliers to carry the burden themselves. A scheme has been hatched, therefore, to put up £3¾m. – £1½m. from the bank, £1¼m. from the Treasury under development area legislation, and £500,000 from General Electric with an option to convert into Ordinary shares. It can be assumed that joint discussions took place and that this scheme took some account of the company's future prospects. It would be interesting to know what they are. Shareholders, unhappy about their future dividend outlook, will notice that GEC has been given a substantial option over the company's equity without their consent and will wonder what its intentions may be. The public may be curious to know whether these intentions have Treasury approval, where the Treasury loan ranks for repayment, and what it is proposed to do with the company's works when the railway modernisation plan is completed.

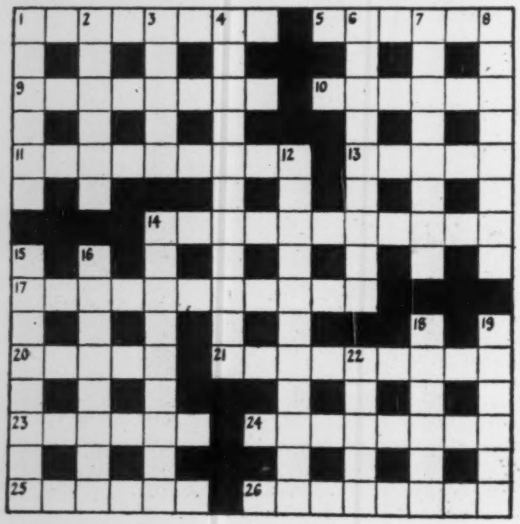
* * *

New brooms like to sweep very obviously clean, and the new chairman of Carreras – the voting shares were acquired by another tobacco company recently – has done his best. In his first speech he makes a long list of the things which need seriously overhauling and regrets that the process will take some time. 'Although the earnings and emoluments of your directors,' he goes on, 'are somewhat disproportionate to the dividends received of late by shareholders, I am sure that all act in good faith, with decorum and proper regard for company funds, to the best of their ability. In the subsequent constitution of the boards of your company and its subsidiaries, I hope to introduce other gentlemen of good standing who will have no interest other than the general well-being of the company.'

TAURUS

Week-end Crossword 344

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 344, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 10 Mar.



ACROSS

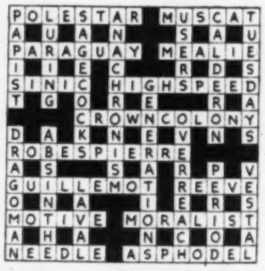
1. Fruit for a girl with what comes below the waist (8).
5. Rank organised the detectives (6).
9. Plotting an unfinished accusation about money (8).
10. Keep the expression of gratitude within control (6).
11. Invalid relative with muddled clarity (9).
13. The territory is occupied (5).
14. Putting into fine form (11).
17. Festival Year talents are not assets (11).
20. Regent of the Sun (5).
21. Shock for the front is in a high wind (9).
23. The pianist has a little bit in bed (6).
24. Exchanging a musical sign in a kind of music (8).
25. He is at the centre of the project (6).
26. The released sailor is executed without guidance (8).

DOWN

1. Instructions starting with a change of price (6).
2. Shining when there is a second to wait (6).
3. Somewhere to stay in which the echo tells all (5).
4. Half hope to catch a sailor forcing a way in (11).
6. One of these people might produce cinerama (9).
7. Parson who has tea without milk and sugar? (8).
8. Presenting a kind of play out of order in chronology (8).
12. '———, pineapple, and cranberries' (Gilbert) (11).
14. Torment and tie up in an eating place (9).
15. Impatient movements of uncles when disturbed (8).
16. The army commander makes a team of irregulars cunning (8).
18. The lowest quantities in note and article (6).
19. Asked for breakfast in bed (6).
22. Drink containing very soft fruit (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 342



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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

BBC requires Talks Producer in Edinburgh. Applicants will require to specialise in Sound and Television talks and discussions on Scottish Agriculture and Horticulture; to arrange talks on general subjects; to plan and produce such talks and discussions; and to select speakers and edit scripts. Essential qualifications include a knowledge of Scottish affairs and literature, with special emphasis on farming; interest in scientific developments would be an advantage. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1011, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Malaya (Kuala Lumpur). Applications are invited for the following appointments: Registrar: Candidates should hold a University degree or an equivalent qualification and should have administrative experience, preferably in a University institution. Bursar: Candidates should have a recognised professional qualification in Accountancy, and have wide professional and administrative experience in handling finance. Librarian: Applicants should preferably be University graduates who have library qualifications and considerable experience in academic libraries. The salary offered depends on qualifications and experience and is on the range $1,250 - $1,500 or $1,620 p.m. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Kuala Lumpur and London on 31 March 1959.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Appointment of Lecturer in German. Applications are invited for the above Lectureship in the Department of Modern Languages. A good command of spoken German is essential. The salary will be £1,025 per annum rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London, on 15 April 1959.

URBAN District Council of Tonbridge. Housing Welfare Officer/Rent Collector. Applications are invited from men and women for the appointment of Housing Welfare Officer/Rent Collector at a salary in accordance with Grade APT II (£725-£30-£845). The duties will embrace (1) welfare duties relating to tenants and applicants for tenancies, particularly in regard to problem families, elderly persons and families displaced under slum clearance schemes; (2) collection of rents; & (3) clerical duties. Applicants should possess a degree or diploma in Social Science. The appointment is subject to the National Scheme of Conditions of Service, the Local Government Superannuation Acts, the passing of a medical examination, and to one month's notice on either side. The Council will be prepared to consider the provision of housing accommodation if required. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, must be received by the undersigned not later than 7 March 1959. S. J. Thorne, Clerk of the Council, Tonbridge Castle, Tonbridge, Kent.

CITY of Sheffield Public Health Department. Mental Welfare Officer (Male) required in the Mental Health Service. Post superannuable; medical examination, Grade APT I (£575 × £30 – £725). Applicants must have had experience in work relating to Mental Health and must hold either a Diploma or Certificate in Social Science (or Mental Health) of a University, or a similar qualification, or had at 1 April 1950, five years' experience in responsible mental health social work. The successful candidate will be expected to take turn, along with others, on a rota outside normal office hours for dealing with urgent mental health problems, and will carry out pre-care and after-care visiting. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, present and previous appointments (with dates), and two referees, should reach the undersigned by 12 March 1959. John Heys, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield, 1.

NORTHUMBERLAND and Tyneside Council of Social Service. Organiser (woman) Old People's Welfare work, Northumberland. Experience social work essential. Social Science qualification desirable. Salary not less than £575. Apply before 9 March. Particulars, write Secretary, 17 Ellison Place, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1.

WANTED well-educated young man or woman dedicated to animal welfare work to train in running head office of animal welfare society, public relations and press work. Write Box 6394.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WORKERS' Educational Association. Yorkshire North District, Organising Tutor required for North-east Yorkshire. Salary scale £650 × £50—£1,200. Starting salary according to age, qualifications, etc. Superannuation scheme. Applicants should be graduates with organising ability and able to conduct classes in one or more of the subjects appropriate to liberal adult education. Further details and application form from G. F. Sedgwick, Blenheim Institute, Blackman Lane, Leeds, 2.

RESEARCH Assistant required by the Labour Party. Preference will be given to a specialist in economic affairs but consideration will also be given to a suitable candidate with a general interest and knowledge of political, social or industrial problems. Honours degree, though not essential, is an advantage. Salary scale Grade III £665 – £725. Application forms obtainable from the Secretary, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1, to be returned by 14 March.

THE British Drama League requires a Membership Secretary. Duties include membership documentation and records, subscription accounts and general correspondence. Typing essential. Commencing salary £450 p.a. Applications to the Administrator, BDL, 9 Fitzroy Square, London, W1.

MADRID. English Teacher required for special post, by large English-teaching Institute, Madrid. Indispensable: strong and lively personality, experience in Spain, modern methods. Three-four year contract; adequate salary assured. Send full details to: Apartado 839. Madrid.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, needs a resident Science master in September, preferably keen educationist with practical approach and ability to help with games. Scope for experiment. This is a recognised co-educational boarding school with sixty pupils aged 9 to 18 and own small farm. Burnham scale, Government superannuation, no married quarters. Curriculum vitæ or testimonials by post.

ACTORS' Equity requires an Organiser based in London for work in the provinces. Application form and details from General Secretary, 8 Harley St, W1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220-4 London Road, Chelmsford.

ASSISTANT Warden for residential Settlement. Scope for initiative and imagination. Clubs for all ages – Overseas section – social casework. Salary according to qualifications/experience £300/£400, with full residence. Apply immediately: Warden, Beauchamp Lodge, 2 Warwick Crescent, W2. Tel.: CUN. 3688.

LONDON County Council. Assistant Organisers, Children's Care Work. Experienced social workers preferably with social science qualifications required in School Health Service. Duties include recruitment and training of voluntary workers. £592 10s. (at age 24) to £792 10s., commencing point according to qualifications and experience. Application form and details from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D1/345), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 9 March.

CHILD Care Officer (female) required. Salary APT 1 according to qualifications and experience, plus £26 Local Award in certain circumstances. Child Care Certificate or Social Science Diploma, and current Driving Licence essential. Details and application forms from Children's Officer, New Council Offices, Coventry. Close 20 March 1959.

FAMILY Service Units established new Units in Oldham and South London last year. There are now 13 Units in London and provincial cities and further extensions are planned. Vacancies for new workers including some senior posts, will occur throughout the year. Salaries range from £525 p.a. for beginning caseworkers to £850 p.a. (maximum) for casework supervisors. Students and experienced Social Workers who would like to know more about the possibility of taking part in FSU's work are invited to get in touch with the Organising Secretary, David Jones, at 25 St Mary's Grove, London, N1.

ENERGETIC young man wanted in Book Publisher's Sales Office. Tidy and good at figures! Phoenix House Ltd, 38 William IV Street, London, WC2.

AT any age nothing is more important than the right career. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire St, W1. Tel. WELbeck 8017.

SHORTHAND Typist required for work in Research and Education Department of large Office in Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £10 3s. rising to £10 13s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 6466.

More Appointments Vacant on page 314

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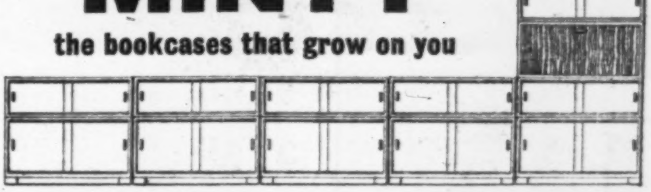

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. from p. 313

ARCHITECT'S office in South Hill Park, NW3, wants part-time secretary with experience of filing, office accounts, etc. Times to suit, 2-3 hrs daily. 7s. per hr. Ring Mrs Howell, HAM. 8322.

EDUCATED women with good shorthand and typing for interesting temporary positions, some with exceptionally short hours. Salaries are excellent. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2: 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1.

SECRETARY (part-time) required for art education society. Hours by arrangement, own office. Box 6585.

SEC. sh./typist, 18-21, for documentary films, W1. Salary to £10. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

VERSATILE Secretary reqd for interesting, responsible post nr Trafalgar Square. £12 p.w. TEM. 6258.

SOCIAL work for children. Experienced Shorthand-Typist, general office routine, 5-day week. Write details, Secretary, National Society of Children's Nurseries, 45 Russell Square, London, WC1.

ALL ladies know that the better-class and more interesting type of office jobs are always available at Acme Agency, 299 Oxford St, W1 (opp. John Lewis). HYD. 4000.

PERSONAL Secretary to Director of a small research group at a hospital in Hampstead. Box 6589.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

STUDENT Arts-Law, 26, Malayan, well-read, hard-working, needs job urgently to continue studies. Anything consid. Box 6527.

YNG man 30 sks post. Personal asst, adaptable, excellent admin. knowledge, conscientious, highest integrity. Box 6461.

CANADIAN, young, 4½ years abroad, at present Dean of Students and Director of English in new foreign university, wants administrative and/or teaching position anywhere, offering scope for initiative and organising ability. Write Box 6364.

TELEPHONIST reqs post, London, small switchboard. Learning typing. Box 6578.

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SCHOLARSHIPS

THE University of Leeds. The Faculties of Arts, Economic and Social Studies and Law. Post-graduate Scholarships. Applications are invited for not more than three Post-graduate Research Scholarships tenable at the University of Leeds by graduates of other Universities. These Scholarships, each of the value of £360 a year plus fees, will be tenable from 1 October 1959 for advanced study or research in the Faculties of Arts, Economics and Social Studies, and Law, and will be renewable annually. Maximum tenure three years. Applications (including those of students who will graduate in June 1959) should be submitted on forms obtainable from The Registrar, The University, Leeds 2. Closing date 1 May 1959.

THE University of Leeds. The Faculties of Science, Technology and Medicine. Post-graduate Scholarships. Applications are invited for not more than three Post-graduate Research Scholarships tenable at the University of Leeds by graduates of other Universities. These Scholarships, each of the value of £360 a year plus fees, will be tenable from 1 October 1959 for advanced study or research in the Faculties of Science, Technology and Medicine, and will be renewable annually. Maximum tenure three years. Applications (including those of students who will graduate in June 1959) should be submitted on forms obtainable from The Registrar, The University, Leeds 2. Closing date 1 May 1959.

NOTTINGHAM University Diploma in Political, Economic and Social Studies for External Students. If you are a member of the London Co-operative Society you can obtain a free scholarship worth nearly £300, to study for this diploma at the Co-operative College, Loughborough, next winter. Full details, etc., available from the Education Secretary (RHP), LCS Education Department, 13 Soho Square, W1.

PERSONAL

MOROCCO: Two people sought to share expenses car hire tour 30 March-18 April. Tel. HAM. 5202 evenings.

MAN, 34, seeks simple b. & b accommodation central London about twice a week. Mod. charge; or offers equiv. hospitality country town near London. Box 6510.

CAMBRIDGE undergraduate seeks summer travel and/in employment, near East or Europe. Box 6545.

GIRL University student wishes work to USA May-June. Pref. children's nurse. Exper. children's hospital. HAM. 8572.

'HOLIDAY Apéritif' Film Show and Dance 4 March – for details see Holiday Travel column.

AUTHORS Wanted – Editors of Wizard, Rover, Hotspur, Adventure and Bunty wish to contact writers, experienced or potential, of boys' stories, girls' stories, with a view to eventual regular contribution. Editorial co-operation, payment on acceptance. Write (not call) Juvenile Story Editor, D. C. Thomson & Co., Ltd, 12 Fetter Lane, London, EC4

PERSONAL—continued

STUDENTS

willing to raise summer camping groups for Jugoslavia on commission and free holiday basis please write Box 6483.

VOLKSWAGEN Motor Caravan for hire. Complete. Home or abroad. Aux. tent if reqd. Also Continental 2 room tent & camping equipment hired sep. S.a.e. for details: Marlow, Hankham, Pevensey, Sussex.

HELP. Solicitor, 22, just qualified, proposes to take respite of some months in London during which he desires, if possible, to participate in life, make friends and influence people. Has stammer to rouse maternal/paternal instincts, but height of 6½ feet. Tries spasmodically to write. Eagerly seeks suggestions and particularly would much appreciate information as to painting and/or pottery instruction, preferably in some sort of class but of an informal kind. Box 6515.

GIRL sks compan. (f.) for journey to Greece &/or Israel, May/June. Box 6539.

BED-sitter bachelor, 29, invites others to estab. community household. Box 6053.

U? Buy an exotic Burmese kitten. Jackson, 113 Chester Rd, Helsby, Warrington.

A JEWISH Cultural and Social Club for Over 25's? All interested to help form this, please write Box 6503.

ITALIAN, Econ. Deg., wishes meet similar English persons for conv. Box 6395.

AU Pair girl required, modern house; ample free time, excellent conditions; Northwood area. Box 6540.

INFORMAL music group: players invited, quartets, &c. Mrs. Dunn, HAM. 8109 evgs.

TEENAGE Holidays. Easter and Summer Drama Schools; Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Chanticleer Theatre, London. Seven-day Courses starting 5 April, 5 July, 26 July, 2 Aug., 9 Aug. Eve. Course 17 Aug. £8 8s. and £5 5s. Professional Stage Staff. Syllabus from Director, Miss M. Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon.

VERONA, Venice, Dalmatia, Lake Ohrid: men (20's) seek others for non-Ritzy motoring holiday 24 Aug.-16 Sept.; further information: Box 6506.

LONG estab. residential club London area needs additional capital for further expansion, high interest offered. Box 5997.

FOREST School Camps. Introductory course, 27 March to 2 April, for those wishing to join the staff of these co-educational tented summer camps for children of all ages. Details from Mrs S. Powlesland, 26 Chicago Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.

DAVIES Investments Limited, Bankers, still offer 7½% on sums £20 to £500 (withdrawal on demand) with extra ½% on each £500 unit – details from Investment Dept N, Davies Investments Ltd, Danes Inn House, 265 Strand, London, WC2.

WELL-known Language School, closed by war, reopening in European capital. Director seeks partners (m. or f.). Box 6409.

PERSONAL—continued

FRENCH boy (14) desires month exchange Surrey area; Easter or Summer. Box 6528.

FOR Sale, Burmese casahara carpet. All wool. Unused, 12×9. £42. MAC. 5813.

WORDBLINDNESS, difficulty in reading and spelling treated by individual, rapid method. Educational specialist can accept a few more cases. Adults & children. Box 6538.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni. WEL. 6655 for details.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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SOCIOLOGY, psychology, discussion, dancing, music, play-reading, writing, rambling – are you interested? Write Sec. (B), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent, also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

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EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, reports, articles, books. Box 6365.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also small contribution for board and lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

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Last year ASSOCIATED TELEVISION LIMITED announced that on 1 March 1959 three awards would be made to British writers for original television plays. Owing to the heavy response (187 manuscripts were received in the closing week) ASSOCIATED TELEVISION ask for one month's grace before making their final decision. The awards – one prize of £500 and two additional prizes of £250 – will be announced on 2 April.

ASSOCIATED TELEVISION ask only for one year's option during which to negotiate terms for the presentation of the winning plays. The awards themselves are additional to and entirely separate from any such fees.

PERSONAL—continued

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SIMON Dewes, Author of best sellers, advises on your MSS: The Forge, Kettleburgh, Suffolk.

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EARN Money Songwriting! Interesting free book tells how. Send 2d. stamp to Linton School of Songwriting, Desk N, 20 Denmark St, London, WC2.

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WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. 1/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

HOMOSEXUALS are still frequently prosecuted for acts committed by consenting adults in private. This is likely to continue until the law is changed. Write to The Homosexual Law Reform Society, 32 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 316

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Crses. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

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PS. 750 tickets are already secured for Harold Ingham's parties travelling to the Salzburg Festival this summer including 'The Magic Flute', 'Orpheus & Eurydice', etc. Similar arrangements (tickets included) for parties to Aix-en-Provence, Lucerne, Munich, Vienna, Verona, Rome and Passau. Programme from Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Rd, Harrow. HARrow 1040.

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HIGHGATE, nr tube & buses, 2-room flatlet, 2 beds. Own cooking facilities, Young couple or business women. £4 p.w. Also, to end of April, b.s. room with use kitchen, £2 p.w. FIT. 0952 (evenings).

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FURN. flat, 3 min. sprint Parliament Hill Fields, 20 min. West End/City; 2 largish rooms, cooking facs. both, own bathroom adj.; available 4 April, £5 per week. GUL. 1758 Sats. please.

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HOLIDAY Flatlets in country house, overlooking N. Devon surfing beach. 8 gns a week. Duncan, Welcombe, Bideford.

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YOUNG Oxford graduate (f) seeks girl to share her enviable Hampstead flat. Own unfurnished 2 rooms, vacant 21 March. £13 15s. monthly. Box 6596.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

HOUSING, the Tory Record; shipyard outlook; Soviet prospects. 'Labour Research'; 9d. (11d. p.f.), 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

MACMILLAN'S Moscow visit and peace prospects examined by R. Palme Dutt in 'Thaw or War?' and Ivor Montagu in 'War over Berlin?' in March Labour Monthly. Andrew Rothstein on '21st Congress' of the Soviet Communist Party. Combatting the Tory offensive: 'What does Mr Gaitskell Offer?' by George Matthews, 'The Miners Fight Back' by John Wood and 'The Right to Work' by Herbert Howarth. Arnold Kettle reviews 'A Painter of our Time', by John Berger. Post free 1s. 8d. or 9s. half yearly from Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

'NATURE Cure Investigated.' 6d. from Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

WHERE TO STAY

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country & coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce, 7 guineas; special terms for family party. Few vacs August. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

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CONNEMARA, Eire. Seaside farmhouse accommodation, 7 gns weekly. (Aug. bkd.) Recommended. Mrs Nee, Renvyle, Galway.

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FARM Holidays – 1959 Farm Holiday Guide describes Britain's best farm and country guest houses, county by county, illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. (postage 6d.). Farm Guide (NS), 18 High St, Paisley.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

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THE ROYAL BALLET
Evgs. 7.30, Mats. Sat. 2.0.

2, 3, 6 Mar. (evgs) & 7 Mar. (mat.)	Le Lac des Cygnes
4 Mar.	Mam'zelle Angot, La Fête Etrange, Checkmate
5 & 7 Mar. (evgs)	La Fête Etrange, Harlequin in April, Mam'zelle Angot

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3 Mar.	The Merry Widow
4 & 14 Mar.	Madam Butterfly
5, 7, 10 & 12 Mar.	Fidelio
6 Mar.	The Marriage of of Figaro
11 Mar.	Russalka
13 Mar.	The Flying Dutchman

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM 3334. Tu.-Fr. 8. St., Sn., 5, 8. 'Traveller Without Luggage.' Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 3-yr Cont revue fr. 2.30 Sn. 4. 10th Ed. 5th wk. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems. tkt.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. St. 5 & 8. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used t' Be'.

TOWER, 7.30, 27, 28 Feb. (Mems. 1 Mar.), 5, 6, 7 Mar.: 'The Plough & The Stars'. CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N1.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. S. 5 & 8.15. The Long & The Short & The Tall. 'Should run for ever.' S. Graph.

UNITY EUS. 5391. Puerto Franco, L. Peck's new play. Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Also film 'Operation Teutonic Sword' with Rocket Site Demonstration Newsreel, Sat. 28 Feb., Sun, 1 March, at 5 p.m. Mems.

CONCERTS

APOLLO SOCIETY
Poetry and Music
MARGARET RUTHERFORD
ROBERT HARRIS } (readers)
PATRICIA CARROLL (piano)
Recital Room,
Royal Festival Hall
Sunday, 1 March, at 7.45
10s., 6s., 3s. (WAT. 3191).

SUNDAY, 1 March, Royal Festival Hall, at 7.30. Overture, Barber of Seville – Rossini; 'Emperor' Concerto – Beethoven; Symphony No. 1 – Sibelius. London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Sir Malcolm Sargent, soloist Friedrich Wührer. 5s. to 21s. WAT. 3191 and agents.

FESTIVAL of Jazz presented by Christian Action in aid of Treason Trial defence. Festival Hall, 2 March, 8 p.m. Annie Ross, Jon Hendricks, Dave Lambert from New York. Dankworth and Lyttelton bands. Tickets 7s. 6d. to 30s. WAT. 3191.

90TH Concert of French Music. A 60th-birthday Tribute to Francis Poulenc, Wigmore Hall, Fri. 6 March at 7.30. Artists inc. Irma Kolassi, Jacques Février, Alex Murray and Cambridge Univ. Madrigal Society (cond. Raymond Leppard). Tkts 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall (WEL. 2141).

AN Evening of Poetry and Music presented by The Apollo Society, St Pancras Town Hall, Sun., 8 Mar., at 8. Margaret Rutherford, Robert Harris, Patricia Carroll (Pianoforte). Admission free by ticket.

FRIDAY, 13 March 1959, at 8 p.m. Emma Cons Hall, Morley College. London Cantata Ensemble, Morley College Choir and orchestra, Directors: Anthony Milner, Peter Racine Fricker. Works by Purcell, Handel, Dunstable, Dufay, etc. Tickets, 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. from Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1. (WATerloo 6872.)

FOLK Song Concert with Shirley Collins & Steve Benbow. Folk Music Centre, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Rd, NW1. 1 March, 7.30 p.m. Tkts 3s. 6d. (EFDSS members 2s. 6d.) at door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Free Cinema. Until 1 March: Clair's Paris Qui Dort (U). Lindsay Anderson's Every Day Except Christmas (U), McLaren, &c. From 2 March: Films by Ingmar Bergman: Mai Zetterling in Frenzy (A).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. Week c. 1 Mar. 7 days, 'Gone With the Wind'. (A). Sunday, 6 p.m. only. Weekdays 2.50 and 7.15.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

GALINA Ulanova in 'Romeo & Juliet.' Bolshoi Ballet Colour Film. Music by Prokofiev. Based on Lavrosky's Stage Ballet, with supporting programme. St Pancras Town Hall, Tues., 3 Mar., at 7.30. Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. from Town Hall (TER. 7070) & Public Libraries ir. St Pancras.

CHARLES Chaplin in 'A King in New York' with Dawn Addams & Michael Chaplin. The King of Comedians in his latest & most hilarious film, with supporting programme. St Pancras Town Hall, Wed., 4 Mar., at 7.30. Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. from Town Hall (TER. 7070) & Public Libraries in St Pancras

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Art Films, Sundays 2.30 and 3.45. 1 March: Black on White; Ballads Parisienne. 8 March: Monasteres de Provence: Crin Blanc. 15 March: Colette, Bulgarian Art, Story of the True Cross. 22 March: Ad Dei Honorem; Buma (African Sculpture); Master Pavel of Levoca.

ART Film Show, including 'Hermitage Museum, Leningrad', presented by Finsbury Art Group, Finsbury Central Library, Skinner Street, Rosebery Ave. EC1. Tues., 3 Mar. 8.30. Non-members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Today, Sat. 28 Feb., 8-11 p.m. Mems 3s. & their guests 5s.

HUMPHREY Lyttelton Dance. Sat., 28 Feb., 7.30-11.30 p.m. Seymour Hall, Seymour Place W1. Tickets at door: 6s Spons: Hampstead & St Marylebone Labour Parties.

DANCE. 7.30 p.m., Sat. 28 Feb. S. Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Adm. 4s. Public welcome.

'HOLIDAY Apéritif' Film Show and Dance 4 March – for details see Holiday Travel column.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED'S new reproductions Sisley: The Bell Tower 60s. (tax 8s. 7d.) and Gerard David: Adoration of the Kings 66s. (tax 9s. 4d.) from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society Recent Purchases. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 26 March. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

WADDINGTON Galleries, Henri Hayden, recent paintings. 2 Cork Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, Bond Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 23 Feb.-7 March. Paintings. Faulkner, Group 13 Free Painters, Beves. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

YOUNG Contemporaries/59, RBA Galleries, Suffolk St, SW1. 10-5. Sun. 2-5.

KAPLAN Gallery: Martin Bloch – Works 1917-33, from 6 March. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. WHI. 8665.

THE New American Painting. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 22 March. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

RNS Galleries 26 Conduit St, W1. Royal Society of Painters-Etchers & Engravers. Annual Exhib. 2-25 March, 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

RUSSIAN Paintings from the 13th to the 20th century. An Arts Council Exhibition. Royal Academy. Extended till 8 March. Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

ARNE Jacobsen: Architecture, Furniture, Textiles, RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1. Till 25 March. Mon.-Fri. 10-7; Sat. 10-5. Adm. Free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Norman Adams: Recent Paintings; Bernard Kay: 1st One-man Exhibn.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ADAMS Gallery, 24 Davies St, W1. Recent paintings by John Napper. Until 14 March 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

'POLITICAL Comment and Social Satire.' The Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. From 10 a.m. until 11.30 p.m. Until 14 March.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2, paintings by Suzanne Rodillon from 3-21 March.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W1. Lottie Reizenstein: Paintings of Yugoslavia. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Suns 2-5 till 23 Mar.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, W1 (GERrard 3529). Winter Miscellany.'

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 8 German Painters: Bruning, Gaul, Gotz, Hoehme, Dahmen, Schultze, Schumacher, Platschek. 19 Feb.-14 Mar. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Library: Drawings by Gordon Fazakerley, 19 Feb.-14 Mar.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Paintings by Bardone. First London Exhib. Opens 4 Mar. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Isabel Lambert – Recent Paintings. Until March 13. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities & Left Review Club

'THE SLUMP: A PROGRAMME FOR ACTION': CLIVE JENKINS. The Marquee (next Academy Cinema). Oxford St, W1. Mon., 2 March, 7.30. 2s. Mems. 1s

ULR Study Group – Literature and Politics. Stuart Hall on 'Under the Net', by Iris Murdoch. LBC. 8 p.m., Thurs., 5 March.

ULR – Harold Laski Forum. 'Pasternak & the Russian Revolution', speaker Isaac Deutscher, 6 p.m. Tues. 3 March, London School of Economics, Houghton St, WC2.

LONDON Schools Left Club. Fri. 6 March. A. L. Lloyd, 'Folk Song in Industrial Society'. 5.45. 7 Carlisle Street, W1. Adm. 9d., members free (school students only).

FABIAN International Bureau & Central London Fabian Society. 'Free Trade Area – What Next?' T. Balogh, H. Agerbak (Denmark), J. Boetsch (France). Wed., 4 Mar., 7.30, Caxton Hall. Adm. 2s. 6d.

'ST Marylebone Labour Party. Brains Trust, Seymour Hall, Lecture Hall, NW1. Thurs., 5 March, 8 p.m. Leslie Hale, MP, Michael Foot, R. W. G. Mackay, Baroness Wootton of Abinger, Ben Hooberman, Cllr T. Vernon. Entrance free.

THE Art of the Translator: David Magarshak speaks at Ben Uri Lit. Circle, 14 Portman St, W1. Sun 1 Mar 8 p.m.

BRAINS Trust in reverse – New Jewish Soc. 36 Hallam St, W1. 8 p.m. Wed. 4 Mar.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun., 1 March, 8 p.m. 'On Reincarnation'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. (PAD. 0688.)

BUDDHIST Society, Special Public Lecture, Caxton Hall, SW1, Wed., 4 March, 6.30 sharp: 'Buddhism and Jainism,' Dr P. S. Jaini. Also at 58 Eccleston Square, SW1, Study Classes: Theravada, Tues., 3 March, 6.30 (M. O'C. Walshe); Mahayana, Fri., 6 March, 6.30 (Dr P. S. Jaini). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT 1313.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'La Poesia dell'Ariosto' will be delivered by Professor Lanfranco Caretti (Pavia) at 5.30 p.m. on 4 March at University College (Eugenics Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, WC1. The lecture will be delivered in Italian. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Contribution of Economic Theory to Economic Prognostication' will be delivered by Professor R. C. Tress (Bristol) at 5 p.m. on 5 March at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St, Aldwych, WC2. Admission free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W8, Sun., 1 March, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: 'Counters to Egoism'.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society—J. B. Coates: A Humanist Political Philosophy. At 37 Broadhurst Gdns, Tues., 3 March, at 7.15.

WORLD Jewish Congress – British Section, Jewish Forum, Monday, 2 March, 1959, at 8 p.m. Stern Hall, 33, Seymour Place, W1. 'Is There a Jewish Future in the Diaspora?' Speakers: Sir Henry D'Avigdor Goldsmid, Bart, DSO, MC, MP, Rabbi Kopul Rosen, Dr Cecil Roth, Professor Arnold Toynbee, CH, Hon. D Litt. In the Chair: Dr E. J. Cohn, Vice-Chairman, World Jewish Congress, British Section. Questions & Discussion.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8. 7 March at 6 p.m. French Film: Les Sorcières de Salem.

S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 1 Mar. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., 'The Moon'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY HALL, Wed. 11 Mar (7.45). Questions & Answers Meeting on 'Russia's New Plan and New Planet'. V. Nekrasov ('Pravda'), O. Sapunov (Soviet Embassy), A. Rothstein and Pat Sloan (BSFS). Res. tckts 1s. 6d. from BSFS, 36 Spencer St, EC1.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Pl. Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 3 Mar. Dr Cyril Bibby, MA, 'T. H. Huxley's Views on Education'.

DRAMA and Education Fellowship: 'Urgency of Education': John Morley, of The Joint Council for Education Through Art. 2 p.m. Sat. 28 Feb., College of Preceptors, 2 & 3 Bloomsbury Square, WC1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 27 Feb. 8 p.m. Prof. George Rogers: 'Moussorgsky & 'Boris Godounov''. Chairman Leslie Paul (musical illus.). Fri. 6 March, 8 p.m. Film: 'The Sun'. Tks obtainable in adv. 3s., membs. 2s.

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LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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POTTERY Evening Classes. Details: Tel. Shepherd's Well Pottery, SWI. 2900.

LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 315

1934 SILVER JUBILEE 1959

of

LABOUR'S MAJORITY ON THE L.C.C.

Reunion and Dance
Fulham Town Hall
Saturday, March 7, 1959

DANCING BUFFET

Tickets from: The Secretary, London Labour Party,
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